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THE
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JESTS.

A YOUNG Gentleman juſt entered into Orders, being to preach his Probation Sermon among his Friends, was diffident of his Capacity, and choſe to preach one of Dr. Beveridge's Sermons, which he imagined to be not known to any of them; they complimenting him highly, he made long Apologies for it, as *his firſt Sermon*, upon which a young Gentlewoman, his Relation, who knew the Sermon perfectly well, told him, with a Smile, *that as it was his firſt Sermon, ſhe hoped he would pay Beveridge for it.*

A Company at a Tavern, in *Liverpool*, calling for a Bill, the Landlord attended with it, who made a very extravagant Charge, upon which one of the Company aſked his Name, Sir, ſays the Landlord, my Name is *Parrot*. The Gentleman replied, upon my Word Landlord, it ſhould be *Woodcock by your Bill.*

A certain Clergyman in the Weſt of *England*, being at the Point of Death, a neighbouring Brother, who had ſome Intereſt with his Patron, apply'd to him for the next Preſentation; upon which the former, (who ſoon after recovered) upbraided him with the Breach of Friendſhip, and ſaid, he wanted his Death. No, no, Doctor, ſays the other, you quite miſtake, *'twas your* Living *I wanted.*

One being ſick, was counſelled to think of Heaven: Why, whither, ſays he, do you think my Wife's gone? They told him to Heaven; *Nay, then*, ſays he, *I care not where I go, ſo I come not where ſhe is.*

A Witch being at the Stake to be burnt, ſaw her Son there, and deſired him to give her ſome Drink: No, Mother, ſaid he, 'twill do you wrong; for the dryer you are, the better you'll burn.

Some Companions talking concerning Minerals and Metals, one ſtarted the Queſtion at laſt, *Why the two nobleſt Metals, Gold and Silver, one look'd ſo pale, the other ſo white? Becauſe*, anſwered another, *they have both ſo many lye in wait for them.*

One praying in St. *Paul's Cathedral*, his Hat was ſtolen from him; of which when he complained to the Standers by, *You ſhould*, ſaid one, *have watch'd as well as pray'd.*

A Perſon in Company railing againſt a Gentleman lately deceas'd, one of them, to vindicate him, ſaid, He thought him not ſo very bad as he had been repreſented; adding, *To my Knowledge, Sir, he was very charitable; and Charity, you know,*

covers

covers a Multitude of Sins. Faith, Sir, ſo it ought, ſaid the firſt, *for he had a Multitude to cover.*

A Child was to be chriſtened, and the Man ſaid to his Wife, who doſt thou think will be God-father; Marry I don't know, ſaid ſhe; Why *Will Johnſon*; *O the Father!* ſays ſhe, will he be here?

Two riding from *Shipton* to *Burford*, and ſeeing a Miller riding ſoftly before 'em on his Sacks, were reſolved to abuſe him; ſo they went one on each Side, ſaying, Miller, now tell us which art thou, more a Knave or Fool? Truly, ſays he, I don't know which I am moſt, but I believe I am between both.

A Countryman returning from *London* into the Country, was ask'd by a Female Neighbour, what News was at *London?* He told her, all the News he heard was, that there was a Preſs for Cuckolds. Is there ſo, ſaid ſhe? Then to avoid the worſt, *my Huſband ſhall not ſtir out of the Doors until the Preſs be over.*

One asked, why Men ſued always to the Women, and Women never to the Men? Becauſe, ſaid another, Women are always ready for the Men, but the Men are not always for the Women.

A Lady of the Weſt Country gave a great entertainment to moſt of the polite Gentlemen thereabouts; and among others, Sir *Walter Raleigh* was one; this Lady, tho' otherwiſe a ſtately Dame, was a notable Houſewife; and in the Morning early, ſhe called to one of her Maids, and asked her, if the Pigs were ſerved? Sir *Walter Raleigh's* Chamber joined to the Lady's, ſo that he heard

her. A little before Dinner, the Lady coming down, in great State, into a Room full of Gentlemen; as ſoon as Sir *Walter Raleigh* ſet Eyes upon her; Madam, ſaid he, Are the Pigs ſerved? The Lady anſwered, *You know beſt whether you have had your Breakfaſt.*

A drunken Rake, who made it his conſtant Practice to lie in Bed every *Sunday*, was ſharply reprehended for it by a Clergyman; the Beau anſwered, *That he was ſorry a Perſon of the ſacred Function underſtood the Scriptures no better, when the Sabbath was appointed for a Day of Reſt.*

A certain lady ſtanding by a fat young Gentlewoman, when her Stays were lacing on, took Occaſion to joke her upon the Largeneſs of her Shape; to which the Girl ſaid, *She could only wiſh it as ſlender as her Ladyſhip's Reputation.*

A forward young Girl having been debauched by a Gentleman, the Wench's Father went to learn of a Council, whether an Action would not lye from his Daughter againſt the Seducer; the Barriſter bid his Client go home, and take better Care of the reſt of his Children; for that he believed there had been already *too much Action between them.*

A Country Fellow being admitted to a Gentleman's Table, fell upon the *Artichoaks* at the lower End; but not knowing what Part of them ſhould be eaten, and what not, takes a Mouthful of the Burrs, which almoſt choak'd him: One who ſat next him ſaid Friend, that Diſh is reſerved for the laſt. Truly anſwered he (as well as he could) I am of your Mind, for I think it will be my laſt.

Some pleaſant Raillery once paſſing in the Court of Requeſts at *Weſtminſter*, between the late Lord *Oxford*, and the late Alderman *Parſons*, the Earl, amongſt other Things, ſaid *Prithee* Mr. Alderman, *let me come and take a Bit of Mutton with you; I hear you keep a good Table, but where the Devil ſtands your Houſe? Oh! Sir*, replied the Alderman, *very nigh* Tower-Hill, *where Thouſands, as well as myſelf, will be heartily glad to ſee you.*

A dignify'd Clergyman, going down to his Living to ſpend the Summer, met, near his Houſe, a comical old Chimney-ſweeper, with whom he uſed to chat. So, *John*, ſays the Doctor, from whence come you? From your Houſe, Sir, ſays Mr. *Soot*; for this Morning I ſwept all your Chimneys. How many were there, ſays the Doctor? No leſs than twenty, quoth *John*. Well, and how much a Chimney have you? Only a Shilling a-piece, Sir. Why then quoth the Doctor, you have earned a great deal of Money in a little Time, *Yes, yes, Sir*, ſays John, throwing his Bag of Soot over his Shoulder, *we Black-coats get our Money eaſy enough.*

One wondering there were ſo many Pickpockets in *London*, ſeeing there's a Watch at every Corner: Pugh, ſaid another, they'd as willingly meet with a Watch as any Thing elſe.

Judge *Jefferies* taking a Diſlike to an Evidence who had a long Beard, told him, that if his Conſcience was as large as his Beard, he had a ſwinging one. To which the Countryman replied, "My "Lord, if you meaſure Conſcience by Beards, you "have none at all."

One asked, why the Watermen were ſuffered to make ſuch a Noiſe at *Weſtminſter*, to diſturb the Lawyers in Term-time? Says another, Pugh, the Lawyers are uſed to bawling themſelves.

A great Officer in *France* was in Danger of loſing his Place; but his Wife, by her Suit, made his Peace: Whereupon, a pleaſant Fellow ſaid, that the Officer had been cruſh'd, but that he ſaved himſelf upon his Horns.

In a former Reign, a Captain in the Royal Navy, who had a Seat in Parliament, and was very zealous againſt the Court, was at length promiſed to be made an *Admiral*, upon the firſt Vacancy that ſhould happen. Some of his Friends obſerving, that he did not exert himſelf in the Manner he had done before, were asking the Reaſon of it; when a Gentleman preſent ſaid, *He flags, he flags.*

One told his Friend merrily, he was bewitch'd, for his Head was all in one Lump. And you, my Friend, replied the other, *I am afraid are mad; for your Heart is not on the right Side.*

A Traveller relating ſome of his Adventures, told the Company, that he and his Servant made fifty *wild Arabians* run: which ſtartling them, he obſerved, that there was no ſuch great Matter in it; for ſays he, we ran, and they ran after us.

A Shopkeeper's Man call'd an Orange Wench, and asked her what ſhe would take for a Penny-worth? Ay, ſays ſhe, Your Mother ſaid when you were a *Puppy*, you'd be a great *Whelp* in Time.

A Miniſter being deprived for Non Conformity, ſaid to ſome People, *it ſhould coſt a Hundred Men their Lives*; ſome who underſtood this, as to his being a turbulent Fellow, who would move Sedition, complained of him; who, upon being examined, ſaid, his Meaning was, *That he would practice Phyſic.*

A Lawyer told his Client, his Adverſary had removed his Suit out of one Court into another. Let him remove it to the Devil, quoth the other, I am ſure my Attorney, for Money, will follow him.

A Jury having given 1500l. Damages againſt Sir *R*——— *H*———*ly*, for criminal Converſation with a Gentleman's Wife, as the Defendant was going out of Court, he cried, *Damn theſe twelve Appraiſers, they have confoundedly over-valued my Paſtime.*

Dr. *Bentley* ſhewing a young Lady the fine Library in *Trinity College*, and amongſt the reſt of the Books, his own writings curiouſly bound, asked the Lady how *ſhe liked the Binding:* The Lady anſwered, they were extremely handſome, but ſhe choſe rather to have his *Works in Sheets.*

A Tryal for Lands being pleaded before a Chancellor, the Counſel on both Sides ſet forth their Limitations in Queſtions by the Plat; and and one Council pleaded, My Lord, we lie on this Side; and the other ſaid, My Lord, we lie on this Side: Nay, ſays the Chancellor, if you lie on both Sides, I'll believe neither of you.

A certain Preacher having changed his Religion for a good Benefice, was much blamed by ſome of his

his Friends for deſerting them. To excuſe himſelf, he aſſured them, he ſhould not have done it, *but for ſeven Reaſons.* Being asked what they were, he anſwered, *A Wife and ſix Children.*

A clowniſh Gentleman, who had courted a young Lady; the Marriage being agreed upon, he eſpied a pretty Mare a grazing, which he would have into the Bargain: the Gentleman being unwilling to part with his Mare, the Match broke off. A Twelvemonth after, this formal Wooer meets the Lady at a Fair, and would fain have renewed his old Acquaintance; but ſhe pretending Ignorance at firſt, ſaid, ſhe did not know him: No, ſaid he, do not you know me? Why, I was once a Suitor to you. *I cry your Mercy Sir,* ſaid ſhe, *now I remember you, you came a wooing to my Father's Mare, and ſhe is not married yet.*

A Conſtable carry'd a big-belly'd Wench before a Juſtice, and ſaid, An't pleaſe your Worſhip, I have here brought you a Maid with Child. The Wench called him Fool and Knave; ſhe being reproved, ſaid, *He muſt needs be one of 'em; for,* ſaid ſhe, *if I am a Maid, he is a Fool to think I am with Child; and if I am not with Child, he is a Knave for ſaying I am.*

A Gentleman meeting his Godſon, ask'd him whither he was going? To School, replies the Boy. That's well, ſaid he, there's Sixpence for you, follow thy Learning apace; *I may live to hear thee preach my Funeral Sermon.*

In a Storm at Sea all went to Prayers but one, and he fed heartily on ſalt Meat; being ask'd the Reaſon, ſaid, *He ſhould drink more To-day than ever he did in his Life.*

One

One having ſtolen a Watch, the Conſtable was ſent after him; at laſt, being taken by others for a ſuſpicious Perſon; as they were examining him, the Watch was taken out of his Pocket; *A Pox of this Luck*, ſays he, *to eſcape the Conſtable, and be found out by the Watch.*

A great Eater in *Antwerp*, having a large Piece of Roaſt-Beef ſet before him, he eat ſometimes at one End, and then at the other End; the Woman deſired him to cut it handſomely, and in one Place: Says he, *It is no Matter where I begin, for I intend to make an End of it all before I go.*

A Man and a Woman were got into a great round Sugar Barrel, and the Conſtable having Notice of it, came thither, and was reſolved to ſend them to the Round Houſe: O, no, ſaid a Gentleman, I pray good Mr. Conſtable, by no Means; for you ſee they have put themſelves into the Round-Houſe already.

A young Fellow wiſhed himſelf the richeſt Cuckold in *England*. Said his Mother, you are a covetous Boy; has not your Father enough in Store for you?

A Woman when dying, her Huſband asked her who he ſhould marry? Are you in ſuch Haſte, ſays ſhe? Why then, marry the Devil's Dam. No, ſays he, I don't care to commit Inceſt, for I have matched with his Daughter already.

One borrowed a Sum of Money, and failed to pay it at the Time; his Creditor meeting him, began to chide him for not keeping his Day. O Sir, ſays he, excuſe me, I am not a ſtrict Obſerver of ſet Days.

A Fellow who uſed to be drunk, when he came home wallowed about the Floor, and ſaid, He paid Rent for the Houſe, and he would lie where he pleaſed. At laſt he falls into the Fire; and the Maid runs to her Miſtreſs, and told her ſhe could not get him out: *Let him alone*, ſays ſhe, *he pays Rent for the Houſe, let him lie where he pleaſes.*

A *Philoſopher* ſaid, That *Men* were guilty of many Faults, but *Women* were guilty of but two in all, that is, only naught in Words, and naught in Deeds.

A Woman burying her fifth Huſband, a Man was counting with his Fingers how many ſhe had had, and he ſaid, ſhe had made a Hand of them all.

One *Mr. Man*, Maſter of the Ship, call'd the *Moon*, uſed to be very familiar with a Gentlewoman; and her Huſband tax'd her with another Gentleman; ſhe ſwore ſhe knew him no more than ſhe did the *Man* in the *Moon*.

A Man was bragging, that he was promiſed a Leaſe of the next Houſe that fell; ſays another, had it been my Caſe, I ſhould rather have deſired the Leaſe of a Houſe that ſtood.

I happened once, ſince theſe great Hoops were in Faſhion, to be at a Chriſtening; when a Lady, who had more Vivacity than Diſcretion, began to rally a little Gentleman in Company about the Marriage of his Friend, who, it ſeems, was alſo a very little Man. *'Tis ſurpriſing to me*, ſays the Lady, *that Miſs **** who we all know to be a Girl of good Senſe; ſhou'd ever think of ſuch a diminutive*

nutive Animal; why I could hide fifty of them under my Petticoat.——*Madam*, quoth the Gentleman, *I don't doubt but you have had a hundred there before now.*

A Gentleman being in a Crowd, a Thief pick'd his Pocket; his Man being behind him, (and hur was a *Welchman*) drew out hur Knife, and cut the Thief's Ear off, and cry'd, give hur Maſter hur Purſe, and hur will give hur hur Ear again.

A Phyſician boaſting his great Knowledge in the Profeſſion, ſaid, he never heard any Complaint from his Patients; a By-ſtander wittily reply'd, *Very likely*, Doctor, *for the Faults of Phyſicians are generally buried with their Patients.*

One ſeeing a Friend going before him in the Street, call'd, *Hallo.* A haughty *German* paſſing by at the time, aſk'd what Buſineſs he had to cry *Hallo*, while he paſs'd by? *D—n you*, ſays the Engliſhman, *what Buſineſs had you to paſs by, while I was crying Hallo?*

One being at a Sermon when a dry empty Fellow preach'd moſt of his Auditors out of the Church, ſaid, *he made a very* moving *Sermon.*

A young Gentlewoman who was riding out had a Fall from her Horſe, and the Misfortune to have her Foot hang in the Styrrup; when a Countryman happening to be juſt coming up, ran to her Aſſiſtance and releaſed her: the young Lady ſoon recover'd her Fright, and aſk'd the Countryman, *Whether he was a Batchelor or Marry'd Man?* To which he reply'd, *A Marry'd Man an pleaſe your Ladyſhip: There*, ſays ſhe, *then, there's Half a Crown for you; had you been a Batchelor the Sight would have been ſufficient.*

A *Welſh* Shentleman being at a great Fair, where there was a Mew of Hawks to be ſold, and obſerving that divers Knights and others went in and gave Three Pounds, Five Pounds, or Ten Pounds for a Bird, thought it was the Faſhion for Gentlemen to buy thoſe Kind of Fowl, and ſeeing on one Side of the Room an Owl ſet more majeſtically than the reſt, (which was only kept there for Hawks Meat) demanded of the Owner, *what was the Price of hur?* The *Faulkener*, perceiving his Simplicity, aſked him Five Pounds; *Ear, ear was hur Money, put hur hither*; and as ſoon as he had her in his Hand, he twiſts off her Neck, and took her to his Man, ſaying, *Coe, coe, carry hur home to hur Landlady, pid hur treſs hur for Tinner, hur can eat a cood Tiſh as well as the peſt on hur.*

A Footman having diſpleaſed his Maſter, he ran after him to correct him; the Footman ran a pretty Way, but at laſt his Maſter caught him, and having never a Stick, gave him a Kick on the Breech; whereupon the Footman let a great F—. Out, you ſtinking Raſcal, ſaid his Maſter. *Why, Sir*, replied the Man, *as you are my Maſter, I muſt anſwer you at the ſame Door you knock at.*

A Servant Maid having eat ſome purging Victuals for her Supper, was ſo ſadly charged in her Sleep, that ſhe awaked, and ſitting up in her Bed, not daring to move her Poſteriors, for fear of miſgiving, cried out, *Alas! What ſhall I do, I'll lay Forty Shillings, I'll do ſomething, I'll lay Forty Shillings I'll beſh—t myſelf*, which accordingly fell out; her Maſter lying in the next Room, ſaid, *Lie down again, poor* Mat, *for if you had laid Forty Pounds, you have fairly won it.*

In a Cauſe in Chancery, wherein a Taylor happened to be a chief Witneſs; the Council, on the other Side, knowing his Profeſſion, gave him this Caution—I underſtand, Friend, you are by Trade a Taylor: *I would adviſe you to uſe more Conſcience in your Depoſitions than you do in your Bills, or elſe we ſhall none of us believe you. Truly, Sir,* ſays the Taylor, *I confeſs our Trade lies under a great deal of Scandal; but if you and I were in a Room together, and the Devil ſhould come in and aſk for the* greateſt Rogue, *I wonder which of us would be moſt frightened.*

A perſonable tall Man offered to accompany a Dwarf as he went along the Street; for, ſaid he, the People will not gaze ſo much on a Pigmy, if I be in your Company. *Nay,* replied the Dwarf, *they will gaze the more upon me, that I ſhould have an Aſs in my Company, and not ride.*

A graceleſs Son aſked his Mother, who was pretty ancient, What ſhe did out of her Grave ſo long? *I wait to read your Dying Speech,* anſwered the Mother.

A Country Girl was ſent to Market to ſell Butter; and being a pretty cherry-cheek'd freſh-colour'd Girl, a Gentleman took Notice of her, bought all her Butter, and inſiſted upon her drinking with him; to which ſhe, with ſome Reluctance, conſented: And then he forced her to drink ſo much, that ſhe was quite intoxicated; after that, he aſked her to lie with him, to which ſhe very readily conſented. The next Morning when ſhe returned home, her Father and Mother demanded the Reaſon of her ſtaying out all Night. She immediately told them the whole Affair, and with all, that ſhe lay with a Gentleman all Night.—O you *Huſſy,*

cry'd the Old Man and Woman, you are ruin'd! O, Mother, ſays the Girl ſmiling, I wiſh I was to be ruin'd ſo every Night of my Life, and live to the Age of *Methuſalem*.

A young Lady was ſaying in Company "I have "this Day viſited a Gentleman who behaved very "kindly to me, and ſaid a great many fine tender "Things, but I knew there was no Sincerity in "what he ſaid, for he only *piſs'd down my Back*."— "*O, a naſty Fellow*," ſaid another Lady then preſent, "*if he had ſerved me ſo, I would have cut his* "Spout *off*."

A Gentleman having brought his Friend down into his Cellar, his Friend obſerving there was no Seat to ſit on; aſk'd him the Reaſon of it. Becauſe, ſays the other, I will have no Man that comes here, drink any longer *than he can ſtand*.

A Gentleman coming into a Church, where the Pſalm ſingers made but indifferent Muſic, hearing them ſing, *Have Mercy upon us miſerable Sinners!* Ay, ſays he, they might very well have ſaid, *Have Mercy upon us miſerable Singers*.

A Phyſician in the City, who always gave his Servant leave to attend divine Service on *Sunday*, both Morning and Evening, obſerving the Fellow ſomewhat fuddled one Evening, aſked him where he had been. "To hear a Sermon, Sir," ſaid he. —Very well, ſays the Doctor, and diſmiſſed him without farther Reprimand. The next *Sunday* Evening, he aſked his Maſter Leave as uſual; *No, John*, ſays he, *two Sermons a Day are more than thy Head can bear*.

Dr.

Dr. *M*———*d* coming out of *Tom*'s Coffee-Houſe, an impudent broken Apothecary met him at the Door, and accoſted him with a Requeſt to lend him five Guineas; *Sir*, ſaid the Doctor, *I am ſurpriſed that you ſhould apply to me for ſuch a Favour, who do not know y u! Oh, dear Sir*, replied the Apothecary, *it is for that very Reaſon; for thoſe who do, won't lend me a Farthing.*

A proud Parſon, and his Man, riding over a Common, ſaw a Shepherd tending his Flock, and having a new Coat on, the Parſon aſked him, in a haughty Tone, who gave him that Coat; the ſame, ſaid the Shepherd, that cloathed you, the *Pariſh*. The Parſon, nettled at this, rode on, murmuring, a little Way, and then bade his Man go back, and ask the Shepherd, if he'd come and live with him, for he wanted a Fool. The Man going accordingly to the Shepherd, delivered his Maſter's Meſſage, and concluded as he was ordered, that his Maſter wanted a *Fool*. *Why are* you *going away then?* ſaid the Shepherd. *No*, anſwered the other. *Then you may tell your Maſter*, reply'd the Shepherd, *his Living won't maintain* three *of us.*

A Taylor ſaid, he was ſo tender-hearted, that he could not kill a *Louſe*; another told him, It proceeded from Faint-Heartedneſs, becauſe he had not the Courage to ſee his own Blood.

Lord *Falkland*, the Author of the Play, called *The Marriage-Night*, was choſen very young to ſit in Parliament; and when he was firſt elected, ſome of the Members oppoſed his Admiſſion, urging, *That he had not ſown his wild Oats*; then, reply'd he, *it will be the beſt Way to ſow them in the*

House, where there are so many Geese to pick them up.

A Gentleman sitting by Mrs. *W——ff——n* at Lord *Lovat*'s Trial, took Notice to her of FANNY M——'s being at a little Distance from them. O! said, she, I suppose FANNY *has an Eye upon the whole House of Commons. And I dare answer for her, Madam,* replied the Gentleman, *if she has, her Eye's no bigger than her Belly.*

Jack Ketch having hanged a Person who had a good Pair of Breeches on, was asked the Price of them by one of the Spectators: What will you give for them, says *Jack?* The Fellow reply'd, Three Half Crowns; I'll give Ten Shillings, says another, which *Jack* refused, and took the first Offer. The Under-Sheriff, a little surprized to see him take the least Money, ask'd the Reason of it, and upbraided him for a Fool. *No Matter for that, Sir,* says *Jack*; *This man has promised never to wear them but when he goes to Church, and I shall certainly have them again next Hanging-Day.*

One Mr. *Hide* had three Sons, and not having Estate enough to settle upon the youngest, told him, he must needs bind him an Apprentice, and bid him make Choice of his Trade; the Youth being of a smart and ingenious Temper, told him, he would be a Tanner: "*Poh,* says the Father, *that's a nasty "Trade.*" Yes, says he, but the most convenient Trade for me of any; you have but little to give me, *and three Hides will set me up*: What HIDES *are those, says the Father? Sir, says he, yours and my two elder Brothers.*

An *Irishman,* having been obliged to live with his Master some Time in *Scotland,* when he came back,

some

ſome of his Companions aſked him how he liked *Scotland*. *I will tell you*, ſaid he, *by Chreſt, I was ſick all de while I was dare; and if I had lived there till this Time, I had been dead a Year ago.*

A Man above an hundred Years old, being told he had a very healthy Face, replied, that, at his Age, a healthy Face was out of the Queſtion; but that it was a great Thing to have *any Face at all.*

A certain Doctor having raiſed a pretty Fortune by irregular Practice, was deſirous of purchaſing a Coat of Arms to adorn his Chariot, and accordingly aſked a Friend's Advice, what he had beſt have for them? *Oh! Doctor*, ſaid he, *Nothing will ſuit you better than three Ducks, and let the Motto, if you pleaſe, be* Quack, Quack, Quack.

A certain Country Juſtice, remarkable for incredible Stories, was telling a *Londoner*, who happened to dine at a Market-town with him, of a Turnip, which grew in one of his Fields, that five Sheep had eat their Way into, and lived in it during the Winter. The Citizen, in his Turn, ſaid, he could tell him of as wonderful a Thing as that; for not long before he left the Town, Buſineſs called him to *Whitechapel*, where he paſſed by a Brazier, who was making a Copper, which was ſo very large, that though four and twenty Men were at Work upon it, they could not hear each other hammer the Rivets. What the De'il can that be for? ſays his Worſhip: *Why, to boil your Turnip in*, ſays the other.

One was ſaying, that his Great Grand-father, and Grand-father, and Father, died at Sea. Quoth another, who heard him, if I were you, I would never go to Sea. Why, ſaid the other, where did

your Great Grand-father, and Grand-father, and Father die? He anſwered in their Beds. Then ſaid the firſt, *and if I were you, I would never go to Bed.*

Turpin the Highwayman ſtopped a Gentleman upon *Epping-Forreſt*, and robb'd him of Fifty Pounds; upon which the Gentleman told him, that his would be a good eaſy Way of getting Money, if there was no Law againſt it. *God forbid, Sir, there ſhould not,* ſays the Highwayman, *elſe there would be too many of the Trade for an induſtrious Man to live by it.*

A Tinker crying for Work, one aſked him why he did not ſtop the two Holes in the Pillory? Says the Tinker, if you'll lend me your Head and Ears, I will find you Hammer and Nails, and the Work into the Bargain.

A little Gentleman going to a Friend's Houſe, found himſelf too ſhort to reach the Knocker; at laſt, ſeeing a very tall Fellow come by, he begged him to do it for him; which (though very unwillingly) he did, at the ſame Time murmuring, *Damn it, what are little Fellows like you made for?* The other ſmartly replied, *To be ſerved by tall ones like you.*

A certain Vicar, whom his Pariſhioners had denied his Allowance, reſolved, if it were poſſible, to give them a Rub: Reading one Morning in that Place of the Pſalms, where it is mentioned, That *Man being in Honour without Underſtanding may be compared to the Beaſts that periſh.* He read, *Man being without Underſtanding, may be compared to the Beaſts of this Pariſh.*

A Man and his Wife being a fighting, a Gentleman attempting to part them, was cut into the Skull; ſays the Surgeon, Sir, *One may ſee your Brains: Nay, then, I'll be hang'd,* ſaid he; *If I had had any Brains, I had never come there.*

Some Thieves met a Man, robb'd him, and bound him in a Wood; a little after, they met with another, bound him alſo, and laid him on the other Side of the Hedge; then one of them cry'd out, ſaying, I am undone, I am undone! The other hearing him ſay ſo, pray'd him, that he would come and undo him too.

It was ſaid of Phyſicians, that Earth was very charitable to them, for that it *covered a Multitude of their* Sins.

A Maſter telling a Servant that he had owed him a Beating a great while; *take Notice,* ſaid the Man, *I never asked you for it.*

A Country Curate, who had much inſiſted in an Afternoon Sermon, that Reaſon was given to Man, for a *Bridle* to curb and reſtrain his Paſſions; happening the ſame Evening to take ſo large a Doſe at a Chriſtening, that he was obliged to be carried home; the next Morning one of his Pariſhioners asked him, what he had done with his *Bridle* over Night? He replied, *I juſt took it off to* drink.

A *Quaker*, who had married a Female Holderforth, ſaid to one of another Perſuaſion, who jeſted upon them, for taking to Wife a Preacher in Petticoats; *that it was better to ride a* Prieſt, *than to be* Prieſt-ridden.

One

One seeing a Bishop in a Coach and Six, said, he was sure he was not in the Way to Heaven, for that was too narrow to be a Coach-road.

An impudent ridiculous Fellow, being laughed at by all who came into his Company, told some of his Acquaintance, that he had the happy Quality of laughing at all those who laughed at him; *then*, said one of them, *you lead the merriest Life of any Man in Christendom.*

King *Charles* the Second, with some of his Nobles, being a Hay-making, *Nell Gwynn* was with them, and looking upon them; Quoth the King, So *Nell*, why don't you make Hay? To which she said, if your Majesty and the Nobles will cock as much as you can, I'll spread for you all.

A Person who had a chargeable Stomach, used often to asswage his Hunger at a Lady's Table, having promised, one Time or other, to help her to a Husband. At length he came to her, Now, Madam, says he, I have brought you a Knight, a Man of Worth and Dignity, one that will furnish out a Table well. Phoo, says the Lady, your Mind's ever running on your Belly: *No*, says he, *'tis sometimes running o'yours you see.*

A virtuous Lady being once in a musing Vein, sat with her Legs pretty wide; said her Husband, Sweetheart, your Cabinet stands open. Say you so, said she, Why don't you lock it then? for I am sure none keeps the Key but yourself.

A drunken Fellow was brought before a Justice, and what Question soever he asked him, he still said, Your Worship's wise; upon which he committed

ted him till next Morning; and ſent for him again, and told him of his idle Talk the Night before. Why, what did I ſay? Why, whatſoever I ſaid to you, ſays the Juſtice, you ſtill ſaid your Worſhip's wife; ſo that I thought you were mad. Truly, ſays he, if I ſaid ſo, I think I was mad indeed.

A Countryman ſowing his Field, and two ſmart Fellows riding by, one of 'em called to him with an inſolent Air; well, honeſt Countryman, it is your Buſineſs to ſow, but we reap the Fruits of your Labour. To which the Farmer replied, *It is very likely you may, for truly I am ſowing Hemp.*

Sir *Godfrey Kneller* the Painter, and the late Doctor *Radcliffe* had a Garden in common, but with one Gate; which Sir *Godfrey*, upon ſome Occaſion, ordered to be nailed up. When the Doctor heard of it, he ſaid, he did not care what Sir *Godfrey* did to the Gate, ſo he did not paint it. This being told Sir *Godfrey*, *Well*, replied he, *I can take that, or any Thing but* Phyſick, *from my good Friend, Doctor*, Radcliffe.

A Lieutenant of a Man of War, getting Leave of his Captain to ſpend a Month or two in Town, lodged in a Houſe, where there were two Siſters, to the eldeſt of which he made his Addreſſes; but Matters not being brought to a Concluſion before his Time was expired, he was obliged to leave his Lady, and return to his Ship. He had not been many Weeks on board, before he received a melancholy Letter from his Miſtreſs, in which ſhe told him, that the Fruit of their Love now began to appear; and that, if he did not come and perform his Promiſe, her Reputation was gone. Among her other Complaints, ſhe told him, that nothing

vexed

vexed her ſo much as the Reproaches of her Siſter, who, upon the ſlighteſt Occaſion, ſays ſhe, calls me nothing but Whore; *Whereas, to my certain Knowledge, ſhe wou'd have been a Whore too had ſhe not miſcarried.*

An arch Boy, belonging to one of the Ships of War at *Portſmouth*, had purchaſed of his Play-fellows a Magpye, which he carried to his Father's Houſe, and was at the Door feeding it, when a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood, who had an Impediment in his Speech, coming up, *T—T—T Tom*, ſays the Gentleman, *can your Mag T—T—Talk yet? Ay, Sir*, ſays the Boy, *better than you, or I'd wring his Head off.*

COUNTRY NEWS.

FEB. 2. It was Yeſterday rumoured that there was heard a mighty Squeaking near this Place, as of an Army of Mice, who were thought to lie in Ambuſcade in a Barley-Mow: Upon this the Farmer aſſembled together a Counſel of Neighbours, wherein it was reſolved, that the Mow ſhould be removed to prevent further Deſtruction of the Forage. This Day the Affair was put in Execution, four hundred and ſeventy-nine Mice and three large Rats were killed, and a vaſt Number wounded, by Pitch-forks and other Inſtruments of Huſbandry. A Mouſe that was cloſe purſued, took Shelter under *Dolly*'s Petticoats; but, by the Vigilance of *Geo. Simmons*, he was taken, as he was endeavouring to force his Way through a *deep Moraſs*, and cruſhed to Death on the Spot; there was nothing material happened the next Day, only *Joan Hart* was obſerved to make Water, under the ſaid Mow, as ſhe was going a Milking.

3. It

3. It is very credibly reported, that there is a Treaty of Marriage on Foot between the old red Cock and the Pyed Hen, they having of late appeared very much in publick together: He Yesterday made her a Present of three large Barley Corns, so that we may look on this Affair as concluded. This is the same Cock that fought a Duel for her a Month ago.

7. This Day a Jack Daw, well known in the Parish, was ordered close Prisoner to a Cage, for crying Cuckold to a Justice of Peace.

A noble Duke, who stammered so much that he was obliged to have a Servant stand behind him to repeat what he said, asked a Clergyman, at his Table, by Way of Joke, if he knew what was the Reason that *Balaam*'s Ass spoke? The Clergyman not understanding him, the Servant repeated what his Grace had said. To which the Parson pleasantly answered, that *Balaam* stuttered, and his Ass spoke for him.

The same noble Duke asked a Clergyman once at the Bottom of his Table, why the Goose, if there was one, was always placed next to the Parson? *Really*, said he, *I can give no Reason for it; but your Question is so odd, that I shall never see a Goose for the future, without thinking of your Lordship.*

An old Parson was reprehending the Gallants of the Times, saying, Beloved, the Apparel which Men now wear, make them look like Apes, in their short Breeches; and the Ladies, forsooth, must have their Gowns draggling half a Yard upon the Ground, a very unseemly Sight: Now, to rectify this Disorder, you

you Women ſhould take up your Coats; and you Men ſhould let down your Breeches.

A rich old Miſer finding himſelf very ill, ſent for a Parſon to adminiſter the laſt Conſolation of the Church to him: Whilſt the Ceremony was performing, old *Gripewell* falls into a Fit; on his Recovery, the Doctor offered the Chalice to him. *Indeed*, cries he, *I can't afford to lend you above twenty Shillings upon't; I can't upon my Word.*

A Woman would always give her Grand daughter a Charge to beſtow her Maidenhead well. One Day, being a Milking, a Neighbour's Son aſked her what he ſhould give her for it? She told him her Grand-mother bid her beſtow it well. Why, ſays he, you can't beſtow it better than upon me; ſo ſhe let him have it, and went home and told her Grand-mother what ſhe had done; *Out, you Jade*, ſaid ſhe, *get you gone back and fetch it, for no Man will marry you without it:* So ſhe went back, and told him what her Grand-mother ſaid. and withal, that ſhe was a very underſtanding Woman: Nay, nay, ſays ſhe, I muſt have it: *Well, if you muſt have it*, ſays he, *you ſhall*; and ſo gave it her again, to her real Satisfaction.

A Soldier who lately came from *Flanders* went to a Tobacconiſt to buy two Ounces of Tobacco. So, Sir, ſays he, do you take *Spaniſh* Threepences? Yes, Friend, ſays the Tobacconiſt, if they will go. Nay, ſays the Soldier, if it will not go, I'll change it. Very well, very well, ſays the Tobacconiſt. With that, the Soldier put his Finger and Thumb into his Neck, and pulls out a thundering Louſe, and lays it down upon the Counter; whereupon the Tobacconiſt takes out his Spectacles to ſee what the Soldier had

had laid down; and while he was peeping on it, ſays the Soldier, what won't it go? if it won't, I'll change it, and give you another. Ay, ſays he, it will go very well, but pray let me have no more of your *Spaniſh* Threepences.

A certain Lady finding her Huſband ſomewhat too familiar with her Chambermaid, turned her away, ſaying, Huſſy, I have no Occaſion for ſuch Sluts as you; *I hired you to do your own Buſineſs, not mine.*

A young Woman being newly married, told one of her ſworn Siſters how ſhe behaved herſelf on the Wedding-Night to her Huſband. Oh, ſays ſhe, when I was to go to Bed, I had much ado to be aſhamed, and I unlaced myſelf and laced myſelf again; I pulled off my Petticoats, and put them on again; and my Shoes and Stockings I pulled off, and put them on again; but at laſt I pulled off all. Ah, Gad, I thought it ſo ſtrange to go to Bed with a Man! And when I was in Bed, I bethought myſelf how I ſhould lie; I thought if I ſhould lie with my Face towards him, he would ſay I was bold; if I ſhould lie with my A——— to him, he would ſay I was rude, ſo I even lay on my Back, let come what would.

One going in the Dark, put forth his Arms to prevent hitting his Face, and running againſt a Poſt, hit his Noſe; *Hey dey!* ſays he, *I never thought my Noſe was longer than my Arms; if ever I go in the Dark again, I'll carry a* Candle *in my Hand.*

A Gentleman on Horſeback, and his Man on Foot, ſtroking the Horſes Buttocks, received a Kick; upon which he took up a Stone to throw at him,

and hit his Maſter on the Back, which made his Maſter ask what was the Matter? *Alas, Sir,* ſaid he, holding his Leg, *your Horſe hath lamed one of my Legs.* *Ay,* ſaid his Maſter, *he is very unruly, for he has kicked me on the Back, and 'tis well he miſſed my Head.*

A Gentleman riding through Part of *Wales,* ſeeing ſome Goats upon the Mountains, and meeting with a *Welſhman* at the ſame Time, thinking to put a Trick upon him, asked him what Countrymen they were? Why, truly, hur thinks them to be *Welſhmen* by their Beards, but hur is ſure they be *Engliſhmen* by their Horns.

A Man was marked in the Forehead for having three Wives: What occaſion was there for that? ſays one; for he was marked in the Forehead when he had but one.

An elderly Lady was telling her Daughter, a Girl of Sixteen, of the abominable Lewdneſs and Wickedneſs of the Age, and what Debaucheries were daily practiſed by vicious Men, who made Uſe of Violence as well as Art, to ſatisfy their brutal Appetites; and how that Swords and Piſtols had been put to Women, threatening them with immediate Death, if they refuſe their unlawful Embraces; and then asked Miſs, that if ever it ſhould happen to be her Fate to meet with ſuch a Trial, how ſhe ſhould behave? Says the Girl, *Life is ſweet, Mamma.*

One telling another, he had once ſo excellent a Gun, that it went off immediately at a Thief coming into the Houſe, although it was not charged. How the Devil can that be? ſays the other; becauſe, ſays he,

he, *the Thief carried it off; and what was worſe, before I had Time to charge him with it.*

A Man complaining to his Friend, that his Wife's Drunkenneſs and Ill-conduct had almoſt ruined him, concluded, as the Vulgar uſually do; *and, for Goodneſs ſake, what's to be ſaid for it?* *Nothing, that I know,* ſays his Friend, *can be ſaid for it, but much againſt it.*

Two Country Attornies, overtaking a Waggoner on the Road, and thinking to crack a Joke on him, asked why his Fore-horſe was ſo fat, and the reſt ſo lean? The Waggoner knowing them to be Limbs of the Law, anſwered, *That his Fore-horſe was a Lawyer, and the reſt were his Clients.*

A Scholar coming to a Townſman's Wife, enquired earneſtly for her Huſband, telling her, he was fallen into the Fire: She looking, and finding no ſuch Matter, demanded what made him think ſo? *Why,* ſaith he, *there is ſuch a Stink of Horns before the Door, that I durſt have ſworn he had burnt his Head.*

A Gentleman being ſent for to the Sign of the *Horns*, in *Cateaton-ſtreet*, and coming accordingly, but not knowing the Houſe, asked a young Man, that ſtood at the Door, *Pray where is the Sign of the Horns?* (The Gentleman at the ſame Time ſtood under the Sign) upon which the Lad replied, Sir, you cannot well ſee them, but they are exactly over your Head.

A Taylor carrying in a Bill to an Apothecary, that was his Cuſtomer, the Apothecary was juſt going to eat a Meſs of Broth for his Breakfaſt, as the Taylor came in: So the Apothecary told him he had no

Money at preſent for him, but if he would eat a Meſs of Broth with him, he ſhould be welcome; for which the Taylor thanked him: So he calls the Maid to bring the Taylor a Meſs. He eats them, and home he goes, and gets into his cutting Room, and began to handle his Sheers; but he had not been there paſt an Hour and a half, but he had more occaſion to uſe his Bodkin than his Sheers: So he calls up his Wife; and as the Pottage began to work with him, he fell to work with her, and having pleaſed her very well, as well as himſelf, with a Kiſs ſent her down about her Buſineſs, till further Orders: In half an Hour's Time he calls her again, and ſo the third and fourth Time; at laſt ſhe asked him, how he came to be ſo vigorous and gameſome, becauſe he did not uſe to be ſo; with that he up and told her, he asked the Apothecary for Money, but he told me he had no Money, but he would give me a Meſs of Pottage, which has wrought theſe wonderful Effects upon me. *Oh, good Huſband*, ſaid ſhe, *it may be the Apothecary wants Money. I prithee, my Cock, if thou loveſt thine own dear Wife, take all thy Money out in Broth, for it is of a wonderful Operation.*

An *Iriſh* Beggar went to a Houſe to entreat Charity, but the Maſter told him he had nothing to give. —Pray good Sir, continued the *Iriſhman*, be ſo kind as to give me a Pair of old Shoes, for by *Shaint Patrick, I have never a Foot to my Shoe.*

As a Boy was leading a Calf with both Hands, a Nobleman happened to paſs by upon the Highway; the Boy, it ſeems, minded the Calf more than the Lord, and went drudging on, without moving his Hat. *Why, Sirrah*, ſays the Nobleman, *have you no more Manners than to ſtand ſtaring me in the Face, with your Hat on? Alas*, ſays the Boy, *I'll put off my Hat with*

all

all my Heart, if your Lordſhip will but 'light, and hold my Calf in the mean Time.

A young Lady asked a Gentleman, who was a Lawyer, what was the moſt ſurpriſing *Curioſity* in all Sir *Hans Sloane*'s Collection? He anſwered, a *Virgin at Fifteen Years of Age*. Indeed, Sir, replied the Lady, you are miſtaken, for I have been told by ſeveral, that, in his whole Collection, there is nothing ſo curious as an *honeſt Lawyer*.

A Gentleman talking of the four Elements, expreſt great Admiration at the Creation of Water. *Lord, Sir*, ſaid a merry Lady, *there's nothing ſo very curious in that, for I can make* Water.

A Country Maid riding to Market, her Mare ſtumbled in the Middle of the Market-place, and threw her topſy-turvy, ſhewing all for nothing; but ſhe receiving no Harm by the Fall, ſpeedily got up again, and turning herſelf to the laughing People, ſaid, *Sirs, did you ever ſee* the like before? *Never but once*, ſaid a Country Fellow, *and that was a* black *one*.

Mrs. *** called to her Servant to know what ill Smell was in the Kitchen? they anſwered, they were making Matches. *Well*, ſaid ſhe, *I have heard* Matches *were made in* Heaven, *but by the* Brimſtone, *one would think they were made in* Hell.

A Gentleman, who had been very ſilly and pert in a Lady's Company, at laſt began to grieve at remembring the Loſs of his Child, lately dead. A Biſhop ſitting by, adviſed him to make himſelf eaſy, becauſe the Child was gone to Heaven. I believe, my Lord, ſaid the Lady, *'tis that which makes him grieve, becauſe he is ſure never to ſee his Child there.*

When the late Mr. *Kitchen* died, one was saying, What will Death have his Kitchen under Ground? No, replied another, Death won't keep the *Kitchen* long, for the Devil has beſpoke it.

A *Welſhman* hearing a Malefactor, that was tried before him, ſay, concerning a Mare he had ſtole, that he had brought it up from a Colt: When he came to be examined about a Sword he had ſtolen, ſwore by St. *Davy* it was hur own, for *hur had brought it up from a Dagger.*

A Lady who kept a tame Coney for Amuſement, being grown weary of it, ſaid to her Footman, "*John*, "I think my *Coney* begins to grow very troubleſome; "'tis always craving for Food." If you pleaſe, Madam, anſwered *John*, I'll feed it as often as you deſire, if it loves to ſuck Griſtle.

A Linen-draper being asked by a Woman, how much would be ſufficient to make a *Shift*, told her if ſhe was a reaſonable Woman ſhe might make *Shift* with *one Yard.*

A Gentleman playing at Romps with a young Lady, complained ſhe had given him a confounded *Prick* in his Hand. I am very ſorry for it, ſaid the Lady; but, if you are reſolved to revenge the Affront, you may give me a *Prick* in my Hand, if you chuſe it.

A Countryman paſſing by the Watch in the City, they ſtopped him—he told 'em he was in haſte, but asked 'em who they watched for? They ſaid, for the King (meaning the King's Watch.) For the King! ſays he, then by my Troth, I can bring very good Witneſſes, that I am no ſuch Man; for Iſe even

Johnny

Johnny Thump of *Yorkſhire*, and have been of an Errand for my Maſter.

Pope having been lighted home by a Link-boy, offered to give ſomewhat leſs than he expected; upon which he demanded more; *Pope* proteſted that he had no more Half-pence left; repeating a Term familiar to him, when a little vexed, God mend me! The Boy finding that nothing was to be got, went away muttering loud enough to be over-heard, "God "mend me, God mend me, quotha! Five hundred "ſuch as I might be made before one ſuch a crooked "Son of a Bitch as you could be mended!"—*Pope*, on this, called him back, and gave him Half-a-crown as a Reward for his Wit.

One Mr. *Aſh*, who was himſelf a famous Punſter in *Ireland*, coming into an Inn, deſired the Landlord to lend him a Hand to pull off his Great Coat. Indeed, Sir, ſaid he, I dare not.——Dare not! replied the other, What do you mean by that? *You know, Sir*, anſwered he, *there is an Act of Parliament againſt ſtripping of Aſh.*

A young Woman growing big with Child, who had two Gallants, one of them with a wooden Leg, the Queſtion was put, which of the two ſhould father the Child. He who had the wooden Leg, offered to decide it thus: *If the Child*, ſays he, *comes into the World with a* wooden Leg, *I will father it; if not, it muſt be yours.*

A *Welſhman*, in Heat of Blood, challenged an *Engliſhman* at Sword and Buckler: But the *Engliſhman* giving him a luſty Blow on the Leg, which vexed him, he threw down his Weapon, ſwearing, *Splut, was not hur Buckler broad enough, but hur muſt hit hur on the Leg?*

As

As a Citizen and his Wife were croſſing the *Thames* in a Boat, the Citizen heartily wiſhed *that all Cuckolds were thrown into the Middle of the River*. Dear Huſband, *ſaid his Wife*, can you ſwim?

One being invited with his Wife and Daughter to Dinner on a Sabbath Day, brought along with him two little Dogs; and coming to the Houſe, he thus ſaluted the Inviter with this Compliment; Sir, do you want any more Gueſts? I have brought *my whole* Family with me, *myſelf and two Bitches, my Wife and Daughter*.

One telling an old Batcheler that a young Man of his Acquaintance was juſt married: *Alas!* ſaid he, *what a Pity it is for one ſo young to come to Misfortune!*

One ſaying of an old Lady who had married very improperly, that ſhe was Rank-fleſh, or ſhe had never taken Matrimony into her Head at her Years. *She has more of the Fiſh in her*, ſays another, *for it is plain ſhe was ſteered by her Tail.*

A Gentleman in the Country, who had three Daughters, diſcourſing one Evening on rural Affairs, and the Nature of Vegetation, aſked one of his Daughters what Plant or Herb grew the faſteſt? The young Lady replied, *Aſparagus*: Then he aſked the Second, who anſwered *a Pompion or Gourd*; And when the ſame Queſtion was put to the youngeſt, ſhe replied, the *Pommel of a Saddle*; which very much ſurprizing the old Gentleman, he deſired to know what ſhe meant, and how ſhe could make it out? Why, ſaid ſhe, when I was one Day riding behind our *John*, and the Ways being ſo rough, that I was afraid I ſhould fall off, he cried, "Miſs, *put your Hand about my Waiſt, and lay hold of the* Pommel *of the Saddle*;"

Saddle;" and I am ſure, *Pappa*, when I firſt took hold of it, it was not much bigger than my Finger; and in leſs than a Minute, it was thicker than my Wriſt.

A Gentleman ſeeing a Lady's Legs, ſhe lifting up her Coats a little too high; ſaid, *Madam, you have a handſome Pair of Twins. You are miſtaken, Sir*, anſwered ſhe. *for I have had ſeveral between them.*

When Recruits were raiſing for the late Wars, a Serjeant told his Captain, that he had got him a very extraordinary Man: Ay, ſays the Captain, prithee what is he? A Butcher, Sir, replies the Serjeant, and your Honour will have a double Service of him; for we have two Sheep-ſtealers in the Company already.

A Chandler having had ſome Candles ſtole, a Friend of his bid him be of good Cheer; *for in a ſhort Time*, ſays he, *I am confident they'll all come to Light.*

One meeting a Gentleman in *Moorfields* early in the Morning, aſked him for a Morning's Draught? to which he anſwered, That he had been at the *Gun* in *Moorfields*, with a Wench, and had ſpent all his Money: the other replied, *Guns and Wenches are both chargeable.*

A Woman being with Child, her Huſband was carving a couple of Coneys, and beginning with the Flaps, his Wife called to him, "Pray Huſband give me *a Flap o' th' Coney!*" *What*, ſays he, Wife, *before all the Company?*

Three Citizens walking in the Fields, one ſaid, *We ſhall have a great Year of Black-berries*; for, *the laſt Week*

Week I plucked a Handful of the faireſt red Black-berries that ever I ſaw. A ſecond Perſon laugh'd at him, ſaying, *Red Black berries is a Bull:* But the third Perſon, with much Gravity, juſtified what the former had ſaid. and very ſageiy queſtions, *Are not Black-berries always red, when they are green!*

One ſaid, That of all Priſons in the World (if he muſt needs go to one) he would chuſe to go to *Ludgate*, becauſe none came there *but they had their Freedom.*

A *French* Soldier being to be hanged for Deſertion, begged very hard of the General, that he would grant him one ſmall Favour after he was dead, which he promiſed he would. This, however, did not ſatisfy the poor Fellow, who fell on his Knees and begged he would ſwear it: Upon my Honour then I will, ſays the General.—And what may this Favour be which you have begged ſo hard to be granted after you are dead? *Only to kiſs my A——ſe*, ſays the Soldier. *Aye, is it ſo?* ſays the General, *then ſet him at Liberty immediately; for I had much rather pardon his Crime, while living, than kiſs his A——ſe when dead.*

Two very honeſt Gentlemen, who dealt in Brooms, meeting one Day in the Street; one asked the other, how the D——l he could afford to underſell him every where as he did, when he ſtole the Stuff, and made the Brooms himſelf? *Why, you ſilly Dog*, anſwered the other, *I ſteal them ready made.*

An *Iriſhman* having a Looking Glaſs in his Hand, ſhut his Eyes, and placed it before his Face; and the asking him, Why he did ſo? *Upon my Shoul*, ſays Teague, *it is to ſee how I look when I am aſleep.*

Two

Two Ladies juſt returned from *Bath*, were telling a Gentleman how they liked the Place, and how it agreed with them; the firſt had been ill, and found great Benefit from the Waters: But pray what did you go for? ſaid he to the ſecond. *Meer Wantonneſs*, replied ſhe; and pray Madam, ſaid he, *Did it cure you?*

A Perſon of Quality coming into a Church to the Place where ſeveral of his Anceſtors were buried, after he had ſaid much in their Commendation, and praiſed them for worthy Men; *Well*, ſaid he, *I am reſolved, if I live, to be buried as near them as poſſible.*

Two Perſons, Male and Female, having once met with three irreſiſtible Temptations, Time, Place, and Conſent, made uſe of the Occaſion, and were very wickedly buſy; but the Wench, being more troubled about her Credit than Conſcience, crys to him, *If this ſhould come out I am utterly undone*; to which the young Fellow anſwered, *And if it does not, I am ſure I am utterly undone.*

A Gentleman threatning to go to Law, was diſſuaded from it by his Friend, who deſired him to *conſider*, for the Law was chargeable: I don't care, replied the other, I will not conſider, I will go to Law: *Right*, ſays his Friend, *for if you go to Law, I am ſure you don't conſider.*

A Dyer in a Court of Juſtice, being ordered to hold up his Hand, that was all black; *take off your Glove, Friend*, ſaid the Judge: *put on your Spectacles, my Lord*, anſwered the Dyer.

An old Woman, who had a very handſome Daughter, had a great Jealouſy and Fear, that one Mr. *John Turner*

Turner, a young Fellow in the Neighbourhood, had a great Mind to be buſy with her, as ſhe apprehended, watching them pretty narrowly, ſhe caught them in the very Fact upon the Bed in the Garret: Upon which ſhe hallowed out with a diſmal Groan. *Oh! John Turner! John Turner!* No Mother, I think, ſays he, *ſhe lies very well already.*

One told another, who was not uſed to be clothed very often, that his new Coat was too ſhort for him. *That's true*, anſwered the other, *but it will be long enough before I get another.*

Lady G--g, and her two Daughters, having taken Lodgings at a Leather-Breeches Maker in *Piccadilly*, the Sign of the *Cock* and *Leather-Breeches*, was always put to the Bluſh, when ſhe waa obliged to give any body Directions to her Lodgings, the Sign being ſo odd; upon which my Lady ſending for her Landlord, a jolly young Fellow, told him, ſhe liked him and his Lodgings very well, but ſhe was aſhamed to tell any body what it was. Oh dear Madam! ſaid the young Fellow, I would do any thing rather than loſe ſo good Lodgers: I can eaſily alter my Sign: So I think, replied my Lady, and I'll tell you how you may pleaſe both me and my Daughters; *only take down your Breeches, and let your Cock ſtand.*

Maſter *Johnney* ſitting one Summer's Evening on the Green, with his Mother's Chambermaid, among other little Familiarities, as kiſſing, preſſing her Bubbies, and the like, took the Liberty, unawares, to ſatisfy himſelf whereabouts ſhe tied her Garters, and by an unlucky Slip, went farther than he ſhould have done. At which the poor Creature bluſhing, cried, *be quiet Mr.* John, *I'll throw a Stone at your Head elſe:*

else: Ay Child, said he, *I'll fling two at your Tail if you do.*

A knaviſh Attorney asking a very worthy Gentleman, what was Honeſty: *What is that to you?* ſaid he, *meddle with thoſe things which concern you.*

A certain Dutcheſs in a late Reign, hearing that a Man in high Office, which gave him an Opportunity of handling much Caſh, had married his kept Miſtreſs: *Good Lord,* ſaid ſhe, *that old Fellow is always robbing the Publick.*

The late Sir *Robert Henley* having received a Commiſſion, conſtituting him Captain of the *Eleanor* Fireſhip, and the ſame Evening paſſing home to his Lodgings, a fine Madam meeting him in the Street, earneſtly entreated the Favour of a Glaſs of Wine; the Baronet curſing her for a ſilly Whore, ſaid, *he was well contented with one Fireſhip in one Day.*

Some ratling young Fellow from *London,* putting into a Country Inn, ſeeing a plain rough hewn Farmer there; ſays he you ſhall ſee me dumb-found that Countryman: So going up to him, he gives his Hat a Twirl round, ſaying, *there's Half a Crown for you, Countryman.* The former, after recovering a little from his Surprize, reared his Oaken Towel, and ſurveying him very gravely, gave him two very handſome Drubbs on the Shoulder, ſaying, *I thank you for your Kindneſs, Friend, there's two Shilling of your Money again.*

A Soldier in the late Wars, a little before an Engagement, found a Horſhoe, and ſtuck it in his Girdle. Shortly after, in the Heat of the Action, a Bullet came and hit him in that Part; *Well,* ſaid he, *I find*

a little Armour will ſerve a Turn, if it be put in the right Place.

A young Gentleman having got his Neighbour's Maid with Child, the Maſter, a grave Man, came to expoſtulate with him about it. Lord, Sir, ſaid he, I wonder how you could do ſo: Prithee where is the Wonder; ſaid the other, *if ſhe had got me with Child you might wonder indeed.*

A Gentleman having a Servant with a very thick Skull, uſed often to call him the *King of Fools*; I wiſh, ſaid the Fellow one Day, you could make your Words good, I ſhould be the greateſt Monarch in the World.

A Lord would fain have perſuaded a Dependant of his, to marry his caſt-off Miſtreſs; for tho' ſhe has been a little uſed, ſaid he, when ſhe has got a good Huſband ſhe may turn: *Ay but my Lord*, replied the other, *ſhe has been ſo much uſed, I fear ſhe is not worth turning.*

A Gentleman in the Country having the Misfortune to have his Wife hang herſelf on an Apple Tree; a Neighbour of his came to him, and begged he would give him a Cyon of that Tree, that he might graft it upon one in his own Orchard; *for who knows*, ſaid he, *but it may bear the ſame Fruit.*

A little daſtardly half-witted Squire, being once ſurprized by his Rival, in his Miſtreſs's Chamber, of of whom he was ſorely afraid, deſired for God's Sake to be concealed; but their being no Cloſet or Bed in the Room, nor indeed any Place proper to hold him, but an Indian Cheſt the Lady put her Cloaths in; they locked him in there. His Man being in the ſame Danger with himſelf, ſaid, rather than fail, he would

would creep up the Maid's Petticoats; *Oh, you ſilly Dog,* ſaid his Maſter, *that is the commoneſt Place in the Houſe.*

A vigorous young Officer who made Love to a Widow, coming a little unawares upon her once, caught her faſt in his Arms. Heyday! ſays ſhe, do you fight after the *French* Way, take Towns before you declare War? No, Faith, Widow, ſaid he, but I ſhould be glad to imitate them ſo far as *to be in the Middle of the Country, before you could reſiſt me.*

Two *Oxford* Scholars meeting on the Road with a *Yorkſhire* Oſtler, they fell to bantering him, and told the Fellow they would prove him to be either a Horſe or an Aſs. Well, ſaid the Oſtler, and I will prove your Saddle to be a Mule. How can that be? cried one of them. *Becauſe,* ſaid the Oſtler, *it is ſomething between an* Horſe *and an* Aſs.

A Gentleman ſpeaking of *Peggy Yates,* the famous Courtezan, who had always an abundance of fine Cloaths; ſaid, *She was like a Squirrel, for ſhe always covered her Back with her Tail.*

A Lady ſeeing the Sheriff of a County, who was a very handſome young Gentleman, attending the Judge, who was an old Man; a Gentleman ſtanding by, asked her which ſhe liked beſt, the Judge or the Sheriff? The Lady told him the Sheriff; why ſo? ſaid the Gentleman: *Becauſe,* anſwered ſhe, *though I love Judgment well, I love Execution better.*

A Gentleman being very drunk, came to a Friend's Houſe, and told him, he came three Miles on purpoſe to ſup with him; to whom the other anſwered, *he was greatly obliged to him, ſince he came ſo far to ſee him before he came to himſelf.*

A young and learned Gentleman, who was to preach a Probation Sermon for a very good Lectureſhip in the City, and had but a bad Voice, though otherwiſe an excellent Preacher; a Friend, when he came out of the Pulpit, wiſhed him Joy, and ſaid he would certainly carry the Election, for *he had nobody's Voice againſt him but his own.*

The King of *Pruſſia*, at a Review of his tall Grenadiers, aſked Sir *Robert Sutton* if he could ſay an equal Number of *Engliſhmen* could beat them. *No, Sir*, anſwered Sir *Robert*, *I won't pretend to ſay that, but I believe half the Number would try.*

A Gentleman ſpeaking of his Servant, ſaid, I believe I command more than any Man: *for before my Servant will obey me in one Thing, I muſt command him ten Times over.*

A toping Fellow was one Night making his Will over his Bottle, I will give, ſaid he, Fifty Pounds to five Taverns to drink my Health when I am dead: Ten Pounds to the *Salutation* for Courtiers; Ten Pounds to the *Caſtle* for Soldiers; Ten Pounds to the *Mitre* for Parſons; Ten Pounds to the *Horns* for Citizens; and Ten Pounds to the *Devil* for Lawyers.

A certain Couple going to *Dunmow*, in *Eſſex*, to claim the Flitch of Bacon, which is to be given to every married Pair, who can ſwear they have had no Diſpute, nor once repented their Bargain in a Year and a Day. The Steward, ready to deliver it, aſked where they would put it; the Huſband produced a Bag, and told him in that. That, ſaid the Steward, is not near big enough to hold it. So I told my Wife, replied the good Man, and I believe we have had an hundred Words about it. *Ay*, ſaid

ſaid the Steward, *but they were not ſuch as will butter Cabbage to eat with this Bacon*, and ſo hung the Flitch up again.

A certain Reverend Drone in the Country was complaining to another, That it was a great Fatigue to preach twice a Day. *Oh!* ſaid the other, *I preach twice every* Sunday, *and* make nothing of it.

A young Gentleman, playing at Queſtions and Commands with ſome very pretty young Ladies, was commanded to take off a Garter from one of them; but ſhe, as ſoon as he had laid hold of her Petticoats, ran away into the next Room, where was a Bed: Now, Madam, ſaid he, tripping up her Heels, *I* bar *ſqueaking*. Bar *the Door, you Fool*, cry'd ſhe.

A young Gentleman, of a very good Family, who had only a Pair of Colours in the Guards, had been for ſome Time in vain ſolliciting for a Company; 'till happening to be in a Viſit, where her late Grace of *Marl*—— had met with an indelible Diſgrace, by accidentally breaking Wind backwards, if our bold Son of *Mars* had not, with great Gallantry, taken the Shame upon himſelf, and aſk'd a thouſand Pardons for the pretended Offence he had committed, which quite freed her from the leaſt Suſpicion of it: Her Grace was ſo charmed with the Preſence of Mind, and polite Manner in which the young Enſign had brought her off, that ſhe never let my Lord Duke reſt, 'till he had given him the Company he wanted; and upon delivering his Commiſſion to him, *You find, Colonel*, ſaid ſhe, *it is an ill Wind that blows No-body any Good.*

A very harmleſs *Iriſhman* eating an Apple Pye with ſome Quinces in it, *Arrah now, dear Honey*, ſaid he,

if a few of these Quinces give such a Flavour, how would an Apple-Pye taste made of all Quinces?

A certain Nobleman, a Courtier, in the Beginning of the late Reign, coming out of the House of Lords, accosted the Duke of *Buckingham*, with, How does your Pot boil, my Lord, these troublesome Times? To which his Grace replied, *I never go into my Kitchen; but I dare say the Scum is uppermost.*

Daniel Purcell, the famous Punster, and a Friend of his meeting, and having a Desire to drink a Glass of Wine together, upon the 30th of *January*, King *Charles*'s Martyrdom; they went to the *Salutation* Tavern upon *Holbourn-Hill*, and finding the Doors shut, they knock'd at it, but it was not open'd to them, only one of the Drawers look'd through a little Wicket, and ask'd, What they would please to have? Why, open your Door, said *Daniel*, and draw us a Pint of Wine: The Drawer said, his Master would not allow of it that Day, for it was a *Fast*. *D——n your Master*, replied he, *for a precise Coxcomb, is he not contented to* fast *himself, but he must make his Doors* fast *too?*

A *Welchman* bragging of his Family, said, His Father's Effigy was set up in *Westminster Abbey*; being ask'd whereabouts, he said, *In the same Monument with 'Squire* Thynne's; *for he was his Coachman.*

G——s E——l, who, though he was very rich, was remarkable for his sordid Covetousness, told *Cibber* one Night in the *Green Room*, that he was going out of Town, and was sorry to part with him, for *Faith he loved him. Ah!* said *Colley*, *I wish I was a Shilling for your Sake:* Why so, said the other? *Because*

Because then, cried the Laureat, *I should be sure* you loved me.

King *Charles* II. being prevailed upon by one of his Courtiers to knight a very worthless Fellow, of a mean Aspect; when he was going to lay the Sword upon his Shoulder, the new Knight drew a little back, and hung down his Head, as out of Countenance: *Don't be asham'd*, said the King, *'tis I have most Reason to be ashamed.*

A Prince laughing at one of his Courtiers, whom he had employed in several Embassies, told him, He looked like an Owl. *I know not*, answered the Courtier, *what I look like; but this I know, that I have had the Honour several Times to represent your* Majesty's Person.

A Country Fellow, who was just come to *London*, gaping about in every Shop he came to, at last look'd into a Scrivener's, where seeing only one Man sitting at a Desk, he could not imagine what Commodity was sold there; but calling to the Clerk, pray, Sir, said he, what do you sell here? *Loggerheads*, cried the other. *Do you?* answered the Countryman, *Egad then you've a special Trade, for I see you have but one left.*

A prodigal Gallant, whose penurious Mother being lately dead, and had left him a plentiful Estate, one Day being upon his Frolicks, quarelled with his Coachman, and said, *You damn'd Son of a Whore, I'll kick you into Hell. Will you?* replied the Coachman, *then when I come there I'll tell your Mother how extravagantly your are spending your Estate upon Earth.*

A Parson preaching a tiresome Sermon on *Happiness* or *Bliss*; when he had done, a Gentleman told him,

him, he had forgot one Sort of Happineſs: *Happy are they that did not hear your Sermon.*

George C——n, who was always accounted a very blunt Speaker, asking a young Lady, one Day, What it was o'Clock? She told him her Watch *ſtood: I don't wonder at that, Madam, ſaid he, when it is ſo near your* ——.

A young Fellow in the Country, after having an Affair with a Girl in the Neighbourhood, cried, What ſhall we do, *Beſs*, if you prove with Child? O! very well, ſaid ſhe, for I am to be married To-morrow.

A melting Sermon being preached in a Country Church, all fell a weeping but one Man, who being ask'd, why he did not weep with the reſt? *Oh!* ſaid he, *I belong to another Pariſh.*

A Gentleman ſaid of a young Wench, who conſtantly plied about the *Temple*, that if ſhe had as much Law in her *Head*, as ſhe had in her *Tail*, ſhe would be one of the ableſt *Counſel* in *England*.

A Gentleman coming to an Inn in *Smithfield*, and ſeeing the Oſtler expert and tractable about the Horſes, ask'd how long he had lived there, and what Countryman he was, *I'ſe* Yerkſhire, ſaid the Fellow, *an ha lived Sixteen Years here. I wonder*, replied the Gentleman, *that in ſo long a Time, ſo clever a Fellow as you ſeem to be, have not come to be Maſter of the Inn yourſelf. Ay*, anſwered the Oſtler, *but Maiſter's* Yerkſhire *too.*

A Perſon ſaid, The *Scotch* were certainly the beſt trained up for Soldiers of any People in the World; for

for they began to *handle their Arms* almoſt as ſoon as they were born.

A Woman once proſecuted a Gentleman for a Rape: Upon the Trial, the Judge asked if ſhe made any Reſiſtance? *I cry'd out, an pleaſe you, my Lord.* *Ay*, ſaid one of the Witneſſes, *but that was nine Months after.*

The late Earl of *S*——— kept an *Iriſh* Footman who, perhaps was as expert in making Bulls as the moſt learned of his Countrymen. My Lord having ſent him one Day with a Preſent to a certain Judge, the Judge in Return ſent my Lord half a Dozen live Patridges with a Letter; the Patridges flutterjng in the Basket upon *Teague*'s Back, as he was carrying them home, he ſet down the Basket, and opened the Lid of it to quiet them, whereupon they all flew away. Oh! the Devil burn ye, ſaid he, I am glad you are gone; but when he came home, and my Lord had read the Letter; why *Teague*, ſaid my Lord, *I find* there are half a Dozen Partridges in the Letter: Now, Arrah, dear Honey, ſaid *Teague*, I am glad you have found them in the *Letter*, for they are all *loſt* out of the Basket.

A drunken Fellow carrying his Wife's Bible to pawn for a Quartern of Gin to the Ale houſe, the Man of the Houſe refuſed to take it. *What a Pox*, ſaid the Fellow, *will neither my own Word, nor the Word of God paſs with you?*

A reverend and charitable Divine for the Benefit of the Country where he reſided, cauſed a long Cauſeway to be begun; and as he was one Day overloking the Work, a certain Nobleman came by; *Well, Doctor*, ſaid he, *for all your great Pains and Charity, I don't take this to be the Highway to Heaven. Very true, my*

Lord,

Lord, replied the Doctor, *for if it had, I ſhould have wonder'd to have met your Lordſhip here.*

A wild young Gentleman having married a very diſcreet, virtuous, young Lady, the better to reclaim him, ſhe cauſed it to be given out, at his Return from his Travels, that ſhe was dead, and had been buried: In the mean time, ſhe had ſo placed herſelf in Diſguiſe, as to be able to obſerve how he took the News; and finding him ſtill the ſame gay, inconſtant Man he always had been, ſhe appeared to him as the Ghoſt of herſelf, at which he ſeemed not at all diſmayed; at length, diſcloſing herſelf to him, he then appeared pretty much ſurprized; a Perſon by ſaid, *Why, Sir, you ſeem more afraid than before. Ay*, replied he, *moſt Men are more afraid of a living Wife than of a dead one.*

A Fellow once ſtanding in the Pillory at *Temple-Bar*, it occaſioned a Stop, ſo that a Carman with a Load of Cheeſes had much adoe to paſs; and driving juſt up to the Pillory, he asked, What that was that was wrote over the Perſon's Head? They told him, it was a Paper to ſignify his Crime, that he ſtood there for *Forgery*. Ay, ſaid he, What is *Forgery*? They anſwered him, That *Forgery* was counterfeiting another's Hand, with Intent to cheat People: To which the Carman replied, looking up at the Offender, *Oh, Pox, this comes of your Writing and Reading, you ſilly Dog.*

One obſerving a crooked Fellow in cloſe Argument with another, who would have diſſuaded him from ſome inconſiderable Reſolution, ſaid to his Friend, *Prithee let him alone, and ſay no more to him, you ſee he's* bent *upon it.*

A Gentleman lying on his Death-bed, called to his Coachman, who had been an old Servant, and ſaid, *Ah*, Tom, *I am going a long and rugged Journey, worſe than ever you drove me. Oh, dear Sir*, replied the Fellow, (he having been but an indifferent Maſter to him) *ne'er let that diſcourage you, for it is all down Hill.*

A famous Teacher of *Arithmetick*, who had long been married, without being able to get his Wife with Child; one ſaid to her, Madam, your Huſband is an excellent *Arithmetician*. *Yes*, replied ſhe, *only he cannot multiply.*

A Lady whe had married a Gentleman that was a tolerable Poet, one Day ſitting alone with him, ſhe ſaid, Come, My Dear, you write upon other People, prithee write ſomething for me: let me ſee what Epitaph you'll beſtow upon me when I die: Oh, my Dear, replied he, that's a melancholy Subject, prithee don't think of it: Nay, upon my Life you ſhall, adds ſhe; come I'll begin,

Here lies Bid:

To which he anſwer'd,

Ah! I wiſh ſhe did.

A young Fellow who had made an End of all he had, even to his laſt Suit of Cloaths; one ſaid to him, Now, I hope, you'll own yourſelf a happy Man, for you have made an End of all your Cares. How ſo, ſaid the Gentleman? *Becauſe*, ſaid the other, *you have nothing left to take Care of.*

A Butcher in *Smithfield*, that lay on his Death-Bed, ſaid to his Wife, My Dear, I am not a Man for this World, therefore I adviſe you to marry our Man *John*, he is a luſty ſtrong Fellow, fit for your Buſi-

neſs.

neſs. *Oh, dear Huſband*, ſaid ſhe, *if that's all, never let it trouble you, for* John *and I have agreed that Matter already.*

A Juſtice of Peace ſeeing a Parſon on a very ſtately Horſe, riding between *London* and *Hampſtead*, ſaid to ſome Gentlemen who were with him, Do you ſee what a beautiful Horſe that proud Parſon has got, I'll banter him a little. *Doctor*, ſaid he, *you don't follow the Example of your great Maſter, who was humbly content to ride upon an Aſs.* *Why, really, Sir*, replied the Parſon, *the King has made ſo many Aſſes Juſtices, that an honeſt Clergyman can hardly find one to ride if he had a Mind to it.*

The Dutcheſs of *Newcaſtle*, who wrote Plays and Romances, in King *Charles* the Second's Time, aſk'd Biſhop *Wilkins*, How ſhe could get up to the World in the Moon, which he had diſcovered; for, as the Journey muſt needs be very long, there would be no Poſſibility of going through it, without reſting on the Way? *Oh, Madam*, ſaid the Biſhop, *your Grace has built ſo many* Caſtles *in the Air, that you cannot want a Place to bait at.*

A Gentleman who had a Suit in Chancery, was call'd upon by his Counſel to put in his Anſwer, for Fear of incurring Contempt. And why, ſaid the Gentleman, is not my Anſwer put in? How ſhould I draw your Anſwer, cried the Lawyer, 'till I know what you can ſwear? *Pox on your Scruples*, replied the Client, *prithee, do your Part as a Lawyer, and draw a ſufficient Anſwer, and let me alone to do the Part of a Gentleman, and ſwear to it.*

A Countryman driving an Aſs by *St. James*'s Gate one Day, which being dull and reſtif, he was forced to beat it very much; a Gentleman coming out of the

the Gate, chid the Fellow for uſing his Beaſt ſo cruelly; *Oh, dear Sir*, ſaid the Countryman, *I am glad to find my Aſs has a Friend at Court.*

A Lady perceiving her Maid to be with Child, aſk'd her, Who was the Father of it? Indeed Madam, ſaid ſhe, my Maſter. And where did he get it, ſaid the Lady? In your Chamber, Madam, anſwered the other, after you were gone to Bed. And why did you not cry out, ſaid the Lady? *Indeed, Madam*, replied the other, *I made no Noiſe for Fear of awaking you.*

A *Frenchman* ſeeing his Apprentice cut a very thick Slice of Bread quite round the Loaf, ſaid to him, *Jack, be that Loaf hot?* No Sir, ſays *Jack. By Gar, you make him ſmoke then*, ſays he.

Ben Johnſon coming down Stairs in a Tavern, his Foot ſlipped, and accidentally beat againſt a Door, which flew open, where ſome Gentlemen were drinking, to whom he ſaid, I did not intend to have intruded myſelf; but being ſo accidentally fallen into your Company, I am reſolved to drink with you before I go. One of the Gentlemen who knew him, reply'd, Since by your *Fall*, we enjoy your Company, give me leave to *riſe* and bid you welcome.

Ben Johnſon having an Application made him by a young Heir, to write an Epitaph on one that had left him a good Eſtate; and the Poet aſking him, What he had done that was Praiſe-worthy? The Heir could give an Account of nothing memorable that he had done, either on the Score of Charity, or any thing elſe; but that he had lived quietly and privately, and paſſed with great Silence to the Grave: But he ſtill preſſed to have an Epitaph ſet on his Benefactor's Tomb. *Ben*, at this, aſked him how old his Friend

was? To which he answered, Two and Forty Years: Then said the Poet, I would have you write this upon him:

Here lies a Man was born, and cry'd,
Told Two and Forty Years and dy'd.

A pretty Maid having her *Valentine* pinned on her Sleeve, a Gentleman asked her, if her Sleeve was to be let? *Yes*, said she, *'tis to be let alone; but my Petticoats are to be taken up when I have a fit Opportunity, and like my Company.*

The King of *Sweden* being with a very small Number of Men, before a Town of his Enemies, they, in Derision of his Strength, hung out a Goose for him to shoot at: But perceiving before Night, that these few *Men* had invaded, and set their chief Holds on Fire; they demanded of him, what his Intent was? He answered, it was to roast their *Goose*.

One asked an extravagant young Spark, why he would sell all his Lands? He said, *Because he was taking a Journey towards Heaven, and he should never come there till he had left the Earth.*

One being asked, why he inveighed so much against Women, seeing so many Authors had written so largely in their Praise? *Why truly*, says he, *they wrote only what Women ought to be; but, I say what indeed they are.*

An old Lady beholding herself in a Looking-glass, and spying the Wrinkles in her Face, threw down the Glass in a Rage; saying, *It was strange to see the Difference of Glasses; for*, says she, *I have not looked in a true one these seventeen Years.*

The

The Lord *G*——— being at a Maſquerade, in a Cook's Habit, another Perſon in a *Domine*, deſir'd he would dreſs him a Diſh of Veal Cutlets:—*Sir, you being the beſt looking Calf in the Company, I muſt cut the Meat from your Carcaſe.*

A ſcoffing Blade meeting a Gentlewoman with a long Noſe, ſays, Madam, I would gladly kiſs your Mouth, if I knew how to come at it for your Noſe: Nay, Sir, ſays ſhe, if my Noſe be ſo big that you cannot come at my Mouth, you may kiſs me where there is no Noſe to give you Offence.

A Man being asked, what the Church of *Rome* was like; *Truly*, anſwered he, *I think her as like my Wife as any thing*, Why ſo? ſays the other: *Why*, ſays he, *ſhe commands when ſhe pleaſes, without Regard of either God or Man; and then curſes all the Family to Hell, if they give not preſent Obedience.*

A Man being asked how long he had been married? anſwered, with a ſad Countenance, *I remember very well I became acquainted with my Wife in the Time of the great Plague, and now it is almoſt the thirteenth Year of her Reign.*

A Countryman near *Oxford*, was ſaying, that he had been bargaining with two Women for ſome Commodities; but, ſays he, I found them both to be cheating Whores, impudent Whores, and ſcolding Whores. Well, Neighbour, ſays one of them, now you talk ſo much of Whores, does your Daughter go to *Abingdon-Market* to morrow, or no?

An ignorant Phyſician told a Parſon, that his Cure maintain'd only himſelf; but mine, ſays he, maintains all the Sextons in Town.

One returning from Market, where he had bought a new Pair of Shoes, met, in his Way, with a poor young Woman that begg'd of him: *Truly*, said he, *I have no Money to give thee; but if thou wilt let me lie with thee, thou shalt have these Shoes:* The Reward, and a little Good-nature, made her willing to put on the Shoes; but when he had done the Work, he would have his Shoes again, and notwithstanding her Resistance, took them by Force; saying, *Let him that rides thee next, shoe thee for me.*

A Scholar of *Cambridge*, in the Time of the Assizes, seeing a Boy in the *Castle-Yard* throwing Stones at the Gallows; *Have a Care, Sirrah*, said he, *you do not hit the Mark.*

Sir *Thomas More*, on the Day he was beheaded, had a Barber sent to him because his Hair was long; which 'twas thought, would make him more commiserated by the People. The Barber asked him, Whether he would be trimm'd? In good Faith, honest Fellow, said Sir *Thomas*, the King and I have a Suit for my Head; and till the Title be cleared, I will bestow no Cost upon it.

Mr. *Popham*, afterwards Lord Chief Justice *Popham*, when he was Speaker, and the *House of Commons* had sat long, and done, in effect, nothing; coming one Day to Queen *Elizabeth*, she said to him, Now, Mr. Speaker, what has passed in the *House of Commons?* He answered, an please your Majest, seven Weeks.

Sir *Henry Savil*, being asked his Opinion of the Poets, by my Lord *Essex*; he answered, That he thought them the best Writers, next to those that wrote Prose.

A Perſon adverſiſing for a Horſe, thus concludes his Advertiſement, " It would be needleſs for a *Yorkſhire* Jockey to apply, the Perſon who wants the Horſe, being a *Yorkſhire* Man himſelf."

Tom Brown once, at Dinner, being offered by a Lady, the Rump of a *Fowl*, and refuſing it; the Lady ſaid, pray, Mr. *Brown*, take it, the Rump is the beſt Part of the *Fowl*. *Yes, Madam*, ſaid he, *and ſo I think it is of the Fair*.

One of a great Family, and no Wealth, married a very rich Widow; ſays one, *This is like a Black-pudding; the one brought Blood, and the other Suet and Out-meal*.

Some Gentlemen being a Drinking, a Wench came up to attend them; ſhe being not enough, in Anger they knock'd for more; the Maſter coming up, aſked what they called for? Said they, Muſt we be thus attended? Have you no more Whores in the Houſe but this? Yes, Sir, ſays he, pray be patient, I'll ſend up my own Wife immediately.

A Man complained to his Wife ſhe brought him nothing: You lie like a Rogue, ſays ſhe, for I bring you Boys and Girls without your Help.

One *Randal*, ſeeing his Friend wear a thread-bare Cloak, aſked him if it was not ſleepy? Why do you aſk, ſaid the other? Becauſe, ſaid he, I think it has not had a *Nap* theſe ſeven Years?

A Woman told her Huſband he was a Witch; but he went to a Cunning Man to know; who told him, he was no Witch, but a great Cuckold: So he comes home rejoicing to his Wife, and told her what he

ſaid: Says ſhe, If thou art not a Witch, I am ſure he is one.

Some Gentlemen riding over a Common by a Turf-cutter, enquired the Way to *Guilford*; when he had directed them right, they aſked what Time o'Day it was? The Man, looking up to the Sun, told them it was Ten. But one of the Gentlemen taking out his Watch, ſaid it was not Ten yet. *Then*, ſays the Fel-Fellow, *you may ride till it is and be pox'd if you will: If you know better than me, why did you aſk the Queſtion and be d—d to you!*

Pray what may your Rectorſhip be worth? ſaid a Biſhop to a Clergyman. As much as your Biſhoprick, my Lord, Heaven or Hell, anſwered the Rector.

When my Lord Preſident of the Council came firſt to the Lord Treaſurer, he complained to my Lord Chancellor of the Troubleſomeneſs of the Place, becauſe the Exchequer was empty. The Lord Chancellor anſwered; My Lord, be of good Cheer, *now you ſee the Bottom of your Buſineſs at firſt.*

A Lady walking with Mr. *Bacon* in *Gray's-Inn* Walks, aſked him, whoſe was that piece of Ground that lay under the Wall? He anſwered, theirs. Then ſhe aſked him if thoſe Fields beyond the Walks were theirs too? He anſwered, yes, Madam, as you are ours, *to look on, but no more.*

A Fellow walking in the Street in a Winter Night, and ſeeing a handſome Lanthorn hang out with a Candle in it, thought to ſecure it for himſelf; but having climbed up, and going to take it, one of the Servants ſeeing him, aſked him, What he meddled with the Lanthorn for? I crave Mercy, ſays he, I was only going

going to ſnuff the Candle, that I might ſee to go along.

A Lady told a ſimple Gentleman, that his Wit was pretty; Why ſo, ſays he? Becauſe, ſays ſhe, you have ſo little, and all that's little is pretty.

An old Lawyer, having his Eye upon a fair Maid, comes to her and propoſes his Buſineſs, which the Maid not reliſhing, asked him what he was? *I am, ſweet Heart*, ſays he, *A Civil Lawyer. A Civil Lawyer, Sir*, ſays ſhe, *If Civil Lawyers be ſuch Uncivil Men, I wonder what other Lawyers are.*

A young Fellow, who fancied himſelf a good Player, reſolved to take to the Stage, and having offered his Service to the Proprietor of *Covent-Garden Houſe*, was deſired to ſpeak ſome Lines of Tragedy by way of Probation, before the great Mr. *Quin:* While he was tearing away his Tragedy Speech, a Dog, who belonged to ſome of the Company, ſet up howling, which drowned the Voice of the Actor; Hereupon Mr. *Quin* asked, whoſe Dog it was? and being anſwered; *He's a Dog of Judgment, by* Jove, ſays he; and then turn'd away on his Heel.

Another came alſo to offer himſelf, whoſe Talent lay in Comedy, and having given a Specimen of his Capacity to the ſaid Mr. *Quin*, he asked if he had ever played any Parts in Comedy? The former anſwered, Yes, he had played *Abel* in the *Alchymiſt*. I *am rather of Opinion, you played* Cain, *ſays* Quin, *for I am certain you murder'd* Abel.

An earthly Quaker being joined in the Band of Wedlock to a briſk Widow of the ſame Perſuaſion, as he was entering the Sheets with her on the Wedding Night, he called out for the *Lord to direct him*: *Nay*,

Nay (ſaith Tabitha) *the Lord ſtrengthen thee, and I will direct thee.*

The Marquis of *Grance* being juſt returned from the Army, went to wait upon the King at the *Louvre* in his Riding-dreſs, all duſty: Two Marſhals of *France* meeting him in the Anti-chamber, in that dirty Condition, What a Pickle are you in, ſaid they to him, ſmiling? Why, you look like a Groom. Right, Gentlemen, anſwered the Marquis, juſt ready to curry you both very handſomely.

A wiſe Mayor, with his diſcreet Wife, went to ſee the Queen's Ape; as they came in, the Ape catched at his Wife, and made Mouths at her; but the Mayor told the Ape he was an unmannerly Gentleman to mock an ancient Woman, as his Wife was, and a Midwife too, and one old enough to be his Mother.

A Maid was to be ſworn before a Juſtice, who told her, if ſhe told a Lye it would be her Damnation; at which ſhe hum'd and haw'd a great while; for ſhe was to declare, whether ſhe was Maid, Widow, or Wife: But ſhe, conſidering of it, ſaid, Though I was never married, yet you may write me down, *Young Woman.*

One came to viſit a Gentleman in the Country, and finding him eating of Cherries with his Spectacles on, having asked his Reaſon for it: He anſwered, *The Truth is, I bid my Man bring me* Kentiſh *Cherries*, and the Knave hath brought me theſe little ones, which you ſee; therefore I eat them with my Spectacles on to make them look bigger.

A rich Farmer, who had a handſome Woman to his Wife, when he had lent any thing, as Horſe, Cart, Wheel-

Wheel-barrow, &c. would always tell the Party, I would not do it to any Body but to you; his Wife, hearing him always in this Tale, ſtanding behind his Back, forks her Fingers, and holding them over his Head, ſaid, *No indeed, I would not do this Courteſy to any but to you.*

It was ſaid of one, who remembered every Thing he *lent*, and nothing he *borrow'd*, *that he had loſt half his Memory.*

A Philoſopher uſed to ſay, that Laws were like Cobwebs, which catched the ſmall Flies, but let the great Ones break through.

What a fine Book could one make out of that you are wholly ignorant of? ſaid a bantering Spark one Day to his Friend. Right, anſwered his Friend, and what a paultry one could be made out of what you know?

A young Woman having newly dined, in the Heat of Summer, deſired her Huſband to tumble with her upon the Bed; he perceiving her Meaning, and being as full of Ice, as ſhe was of Fire, told her the Dog-Days were very unwholeſome for that Recreation. At Night, being in Bed, ſhe deſired her Huſband to lie cloſer, for though, ſaid ſhe, there be Dog-Days, yet I never heard of Dog-Nights.

One ſaid Players were idle Fellows: Says another, you are miſtaken, for their whole Life is nothing but Action.

One being very jealous, came ſuddenly home, and found one buſy with his Wife; ſays he, Friend, I thank thee, I have fear'd this a long Time, but now

I find it true, it hath eas'd me of a great deal of Trouble, I'll be jealous no more.

Two Women were chattering together, says one, My Daughter has not laid her Eyes together these four Nights: You Fool, says the other, How should she? Does not her Nose stand between?

An extravagant young Fellow, being accused by one of his Friends, of mismanaging his Estate, saying, I am sorry to see you carry yourself so; for I see you have all the Properties of a Prodigal: *Nay*, says the other, *pry'thee don't say so, for I never yet fed with Swine*: True, says he, but the Reason was, because Nobody would trust you with their Swine.

A Gallant setting himself out before his Mistress, upon a Day, asked her, Whom she thought the prettiest Man in the World? *Nay*, says she, *that's a puzzling Question; but however, I think that Man, that is most unlike you, may be for ought I know.*

A merry Fellow told an old Batchelor of a strange Dream he had of him the Night before, for, says he, I thought you were dead; and I thought I saw you behind Hell-door leading of a great *Ape*; and that *Lucifer* coming in, and seeing you, asked, What that old Fellow did there? To whom the Devil that attended you, told him you were an old Batchelor, and had never lost your Maiden-head: to whom *Belzebub* said, Turn him out again, thou dost him Wrong: Dost not see his Son in his Hand there, that is so like, that any one may know who was the Father of him?

The *French* Ambassador dining with King *James*, the King in Mirth drank a Health to him, saying,

The King of France *drinks a Health to the* French *King*. Upon which the Ambaſſador reply'd, *My Maſter is a good Lieutenant, for he holds* France *well for your Majeſty*. *No*, ſays the King, *He holds it from me*. *Truly, Sir*, (ſaid the Ambaſſador) *it is no farther from you than it was*.

One ſaid, that Carpenters are very civil Perſons, for they have a Rule to walk by.

Alonſo Cartilio being informed by his Steward, that his Income would not hold way with his Expence; the Biſhop asked him, whence it chiefly aroſe? The Steward told him, from the Multitude of his Servants. The Biſhop bid him make a Liſt of ſuch as were neceſſary, and ſuch as might be ſpared: Which he did; and the Biſhop taking occaſion to read it before moſt of his Servants, ſaid to his Steward, Well, let theſe remain, becauſe I have need of them; and theſe alſo, becauſe they have need of me.

Alonſo of Arragon uſed to ſay, in Commendation of Age, that Age appeared beſt in four Things; old Wood to burn, old Wine to drink, old Friends to meet, and old Authors to read.

A well experienced Fellow, having (as he thought) newly married a Maid; the much deſired Wedding-Night was come, and when he was in Bed with his ſimpering Bride, he began to attempt the taking of the Virgin Citadel; but finding ſo much Facility in the firſt Charge, he began to be in a great Paſſion againſt his Bride, and cry'd out, You damn'd Whore, you are no Maid. To whom ſhe as confidently reply'd, A Pox on you for a Whoremaſter, who made you ſo skilful?

Queen *Anne Bullen*, as she was led to the Block, called one of the King's privy Chamber, and said to him, Commend me to the King; and tell him, he has been ever constant in his Course of advancing me; from a private Gentlewoman he made me a Marchioness; from a Marchioness, a Queen; and now having left me no higher Degree of earthly Honour, he crowns my Innocence with Martyrdom.

A jealous-pated Fellow pictured a Lamb on his Wife's Belly, for he was going to Sea; and staying out a long Time, she began to have an itching Desire; and her Friend visiting her, copied the Lamb, and put a pair of Horns upon the Head of it; and when her Husband came home, he wondered at the Horns? Why, what is it, Husband? said she. Why Horns, said he. O lack, Husband, said she, 'tis two Years since you went, and by that Time all Lambs have Horns.

Some Ladies having a Petition to present to the Speaker of the House of Commons, waited at the Door for his going in; at last the Crowd grew so great, that there was hardly any passing by; which one of the Messengers seeing, cry'd out aloud, *Ladies, pray fall back, and open to the Right and Left, that the Members may go in.*

A Gentleman meeting the King's Jester, asked, What News? Why, Sir, reply'd he, there are forty thousand Men risen To-day. I pray to what End, said the other, and what do they intend? Why to go to Bed again at Night, said he.

One seeing a great Heap of Stones in St. *Paul's* Churchyard, said to his Friend, *I wish I had some of these Stones at Home.* Why, what would you do with them?

them? ſaid the other. *Why*, ſaid he, *I would build a* Brick Wall *round my Houſe with them.*

Two were diſputing, which was the nobleſt Part of the Body; one ſaid the Mouth, becauſe it was ſaluted firſt; the other ſaid, the Breech, becauſe it ſat down firſt: At the next Meeting, he that held for the Mouth ſaluted the other with a Fart, at which he ſeemed angry. *Why*, ſaid he, *That Part you hold moſt noble, and ſo I ſalute you with it.*

One was aſking another, How ſuch a Perſon lived in theſe hard Times? To which the other anſwered, *By his Wits. I wonder*, ſays the other, *how he can live upon ſo ſmall a Stock.*

One was talking of a Woman, that always hit her Huſband in the Teeth with his Horns; ſays a Simpleton, what a Fool was he to let his Wife know he was a Cuckold?

An ignorant Lawyer, pleading in an Action of *Battery*, told the Judge, in Aggravation of the Defendant's Crime; that he had beat the Plaintiff with a certain wooden Inſtrument, called an iron Peſtle.

A Miniſter of State had given poſitive Orders to the Porter, to deny him to a certain *Gaſcon*, who was very troubleſome to him: The *Gaſcon*, however, having greaſed the Porter's Fiſt, got in once more. The Miniſter, ſurprized to ſee this Man, notwithſtanding his Orders to the contrary; I'll turn thee off, ſaid he to the Porter, if this Man ſays two Words. The *Gaſcon* then, giving him his Petition, only ſaid, Sign: Which ſo pleas'd the Miniſter, that he ſign'd it.

Louis XIII. having one Day found a Louſe on a Marſhal of *France*'s Cloaths, had a mind to banter him about it; whereupon the Marſhal told him, pray, Sir, don't laugh at me for it, leaſt your Majeſty make People believe, there's nothing but Lice to be gotten in your Majeſty's Service.

Killegrew, the famous Jeſter to King *Charles* II. having been at *Paris* about ſome Buſineſs, went from thence to *Verſailles*, to ſee the *French* King's Court; and being known there to ſeveral of the Courtiers who had been at the *Engliſh* Court, one of them took occaſion to tell the *French* King, that *Killegrew* was one of the wittieſt Men in *England:* Upon which, the *French* King deſired to ſee him, which he did: But *Killegrew*, it ſeems, being out of Humour, or at leaſt ſeemingly ſo, ſpoke but very little; and that little he did ſpeak was ſo little to the Purpoſe, that the *French* King told the Nobleman that had commended him for ſuch a Wit, that he looked upon him as a very dull Fellow; but the Nobleman aſſured the King, that (whatever he thought of him) *Killegrew* was a very witty and ingenious Man: Whereupon the King was reſolved to make a further Trial of him, and took him into a great Gallery, where there was abundance of fine Pictures; and, among the reſt, ſhewed him the Picture of *Chriſt* upon the Croſs, and asked him if he knew who that was? But *Killegrew* made himſelf very ignorant, and anſwered, No: Why, ſaid the King, I'll tell you, if you don't know; this is the Picture of our Saviour on the Croſs, and that on the Right Side is the Pope's, and that on the Left is my own: Whereupon *Killegrew* replied, I humbly thank your Majeſty, for the Information you have given me; for tho' I have often heard that our Saviour was crucified between two Thieves, yet I never knew who they were before.

A Nobleman, upon the Complaint of his Servant, laid a Citizen by the Heels, thinking to bend him to his Servant's Bow; but the Fellow being ſtubborn, the Servant came to his Lord, and told him, Your Lordſhip, I know, has gone as far as you well may, but it works not, for the Fellow is more perverſe than before: Said my Lord, *Let's forget him a while, and then he will remember himſelf.*

Alexander, after the Battle of *Granicum*, had very great Offers made him by *Darius*; but conſulting with his Captains concerning them, *Parmenio* ſaid, Sure, I would accept of the Offers, if I were *Alexander*: *Alexander* anſwered, *So would I, if I were* Parmenio.

A Country Fellow being at a Fight, one aſked, what Exploits he had done there? He ſaid, he had cut off one of the Enemy's Legs: And being told, it had been more manly done if he had cut off his Head; O, ſaid he, you muſt know, his Head was cut off before.

An *Oxford* Scholar being at *Cambridge* ten Days together, they kept him drinking all Night, that he could never riſe before Dinner; being aſked how he lik'd the Place? he ſaid, Well enough, but that there is no Forenoon in it.

A Gentleman had a blind Harper playing before him while it was pretty late; at laſt he commands his Man to light the Harper down Stairs: To whom the Servant replied, Sir, the Harper is blind: Why, you ignorant Loggerhead, ſays his Maſter, has not he the more need of Light?

Mr. *John Ogle*, one of the private Gentlemen of the Firſt Troop of Horſe Guards, whoſe Siſter was Miſtreſs to the Duke of *York*, being very extravagant, and ſpending all his Pay, uſed to make his Siſter ſupply him with Money: But one Time entering her Chamber, when the Duke was aſleep in Bed with her, ſhe hearing him, immediately drew up the Curtain, and lifted up her Hand, that he might not diſturb the Duke, and he ſhould have his Demands: He ſeemed to be ſatisfied therewith; but when the Curtain was drawn, *Jack* takes away the Duke's Cloaths, with his Star and Garter, laced Breeches, Gold Watch, and Money; and went clearly off, without any one ſeeing of him. When the Duke awoke, he was in a great Paſſion on not finding his Cloaths; and examined among the Servants, who had been in his Chamber? they anſwered, None but Mr. *Ogle*. Oh! quoth the Duke, Madam, you know who it is has been the Thief. About a Week after, the Duke and ſeveral of the Nobility were walking in the Park: *Ogle* immediately ſteps up to the Duke, and begins to ſtrip, ſaying, Here, take your Cloaths again, I have better of my own at Home. The Duke ſeeing him begin to ſtrip, and fearing the Nobles ſhould be acquainted in what Manner he loſt his Cloaths, ſaid, Piſh, Fie, Mr. *Ogle*, do not ſtrip; you are welcome to them. So they parted good Friends, and *Ogle* went off with great Satisfaction.

Another Time *Ogle* wanting a Pair of Boots to mount Guard in, goes into a Shoemaker's Shop, and aſked for a Pair of Boots, which were brought him. They fitting him, he walked up and down the Shop, to ſettle them to his Feet; but ſpying an Opportunity, he ran out of the Shop, and the Shoemaker followed him, crying, Stop Thief! Stop Thief! *Ogle* ſaid, No, Gentlemen, 'tis for a Wager; I am to run in Boots,

Boots, and he in Shoes and Stockings. Then ſaid the Mob, Well run, Boots, for Shoes and Stockings will never overtake thee.

There being a general Muſter of the Life-Guards in *Hyde-Park*, and *Ogle* having loſt his Cloak at Play, was therefore obliged to borrow his Landlady's Scarlet Petticoat: ſo tying it up in a Bundle put it behind him, then mounted ſafe enough, as he thought, and away he went; but one of the Rank perceiving the Border, immediately gave the Duke Item, and fell back into the Rank again. The Duke ſmiling to himſelf, ſaid, Gentlemen, Cloak all; which they all did, except *Ogle*, who, ſtammering and ſtarting, ſaid, Cloak all? What a Pox muſt we cloak for? It don't rain. But he not cloaking, the Duke ſaid, Mr. *Ogle*, why don't you obey the Word of Command? Cloak, Sir, ſaid *Ogle!* Why there then; and peeping his Head out of the Top of the Petticoat: ſaid, Tho' I can't Cloak, I can Petticoat with the beſt of you.

Another Time, Mr. *Ogle* being at *Locket*'s Ordinary, where he was playing at Hazard with a great many Lords. he had very good Luck at Gaming among them; therefore he ordered a Porter to go up and down the Streets, and bring to him as many poor People as he could get; who in a little time brought in upwards of an hundred Beggars: Whereupon *Ogle* ordered them a Shilling a-piece, in Meat and Drink. By that time they had made an End of their Allowance, Mr. *Ogle* had broke all the Perſons of Quality, diſcharging the Mumpers Reckoning, and giving them Six-pence a-piece beſides. As he was going into *Spring-Gardens*, he met the Duke of *Monmouth*, who aſked *Ogle* where he had been? Been! quoth he; why I have been fulfilling the Scripture. Quoth the Duke, I believe you know nothing of the Matter.

No matter for that, ſaid *Ogle*, but *I have filled the Hungry with good Things, and the Rich I have ſent empty away.*

A Taylor, who was ever accuſtomed to ſteal ſome of the Cloaths his Cuſtomers bought, when he came one Day to make himſelf a Suit, ſtole half a Yard: His Wife perceiving it, asked the Reaſon: *Oh!* ſaid he, *'tis to keep my Hands in Uſe, leaſt at any Time I ſhould forget it.*

A Countryman coming to *London*, went into a Bookſeller's Shop to buy a Bible; the Man ſhewed him one that had a Patch in the Cover; the Countryman was diſpleaſed at that, and would ſee more; whereat the Maſter came out, aſking his Servant, what the Man would have? *Sir*, ſaid the Boy, *he wants a Bible, and he doth not like this:* Then the Maſter, looking on it, *Why, Sirrah*, ſaid he to his Apprentice, *have I but one double covered Bible in all the Shop, and you muſt ſhew every one this?* *O, pray*, ſaid the Countryman, *let me have it by all Means, if it be double covered; for I would fain have a laſting One:* and ſo paid down the Price moſt willingly.

A Lady, belonging to a wealthy Pariſh in *London*, having had the Misfortune to bury ſeveral of her Family in a little Time, the Sexton brought her a Bill; which ſhe thought unreaſonable, demanded ſome Abatement, and tendered him five Shillings leſs than he had charged. The Sexton eyed the Money, and at length took it up, ſaying, *As you have been a good Chap, Madam, and I expect more of your Cuſtom, I'll take it for this Time, but I really can't afford it.*

One

One having an extream bad Cough, said, If one Cough be so troublesome, what would a Man do if he had Twenty?

A Gentleman being choaked with a Honey-comb, his Friends began to bemoan him. *Why make you such Lamentation?* said a witty Person, *never Man had a sweeter Death.*

A Cooper beat his Wife for pissing a Bed; one desired him to be more moderate, for she was the weaker Vessel; Therefore, says he, I hoop her because she should hold Water the better.

A *French* Doctor asked a Waterman, whether he might safely go by Water over the River? The Fellow told him, yes; but the Doctor coming to the Water-Side, and finding it very rough, said, you Watermen are the veryest Knaves in the World, for to gain Six-pence, you care not tho' you cast a Man away. *Sir*, said the Waterman, *we are Men of cheaper Function, and don't ask so much for casting Men away as you do.*

A Lawyer told his Client, his Adversary had removed his Suit out of one Court into another. Let him remove it to the Devil, quoth the other, I am sure my Attorney, for Money, will follow him.

Two rich Men being tired out with a tedious Law-suit, at last they agreed to refer it to a Justice of Peace; the Plaintiff (who had the Equity of the Cause on his Side) presented the Justice with a new Coach; and the Defendant did the like with a Couple of Horses. The Justice approving of the Horses better than the Coach, gave it for the Defendant. The next Day, the Plaintiff asked him, Why his Coach went out of the right Way? Oh! says the Justice,

Juſtice, I could not poſſibly help it, for the Horſes drew it ſo.

A Reverend Gentleman having received an Invitation to Dinner, wrote on the *Ten* of *Hearts*, by a young Lady of great Beauty, Merit, and Fortune; this, the Gentleman thought a good Opportunity to give the Lady a diſtant Hint of his Hopes; he therefore wrote the following Lines on the ſame Card, and returned it by her own Servant,

Your Compliments, Lady, I pray now forbear,
For old Engliſh *Service is much more Sincere:*
You've ſent me Ten Hearts, *but the Tythe's only mine,*
So give me one Heart, *and take back t'other nine.*

An Uſurer had conſtantly two Diſhes brought to his Table, but eat of but one; his Man once brought but one, and left the other behind: Sirrah, ſays he, where's the other Diſh? Sir, ſays he, it has come ſo oft, I thought it would have found its Way hither without my Aſſiſtance.

One ſent his Man to a Lawyer for Advice without a Fee, but was ſlighted; then his Maſter went, and gave him his Fee: O, now (ſays the Lawyer) I underſtand you. When he came home, he chid his Man for not telling the Buſineſs right: O, Sir, ſays he, I had not my Inſtructions in my Pocket.

One let a Farm by Word of Mouth to a Tenant, who much abuſed it, by ſelling the Wood, cropping the Ground, and the like, as being Tenant at Will: The Landlord ſeeing that, vowed he would never after let any Thing without a Writing; but his Wife over-hearing him, good Huſband, ſaid ſhe, recal your Words, or elſe you cannot let a Fart without a Writing.

The

The famous *Jack Ogle*, of facetious Memory, having borrowed, on Note, the Sum of five Pounds, and failing in Payment, the Gentleman who had lent the Money took Occaſion indiſcreetly to talk of it in the public Coffee-Houſe; which obliged *Jack* to take notice of it; ſo that it came to a Challenge. Being got into the Field, the Gentleman, a little tender in the Point of Courage, offered him the Note to make it up; to which our Hero readily conſented, and had the Note delivered. But now, ſaid the Gentleman, if we ſhould return without fighting, our Companions will laugh at us; therefore let's give one another a ſlight Scratch, and ſay we wounded one another. With all my Heart, ſays *Jack*; Come, I'll wound you firſt; ſo drawing his Sword, he whipt it through the fleſhy Part of his Antagoniſt's Arm, 'till he brought the very Tears in his Eyes. This being done, and the Wound tied up with a Handkerchief: Come, ſays the Gentleman, now where ſhall I wound you? *Jack* putting himſelf in a Poſture of Defence, cried, *Where you can, by G—d*, Sir. Well, well, ſays the other, I can ſwear I received this Wound of you; and ſo marched off contentedly.

A Perſon ſaid, that the Soldiers in Peace are like Chimneys in Summer.

One of the late Kings was riding a Hunting, and coming to a Gate which he muſt go through, ſeeing a Country Clown at it, ſaid, Prithee Fellow, open the Gate; the Fellow knowing who he was, ſaid, No, and pleaſe your Grace; I am not worthy of that Office, but I will run and tell Mr. *Holt*, who is a Juſtice of Peace, two Miles off, and he ſhall come and open it for your Grace. *So, he ran away, and left the King to open the Gate himſelf.*

An *Iriſh* Gentleman, being met by two af his Acquaintance in St. *James*'s Park, who obſerving he had got a new Coat that ſet very aukwardly upon him, aſked him how his Taylor came to make it ſo badly? To which the *Dear Joy* anſwer'd, *That he was ſo unfortunate as not to be at Home when his Taylor took meaſure of him.*

Some Gentlemen being in a Tavern, as they were in the Heighth of their Jollity, in came a Friend of theirs, whoſe Name was *Samſon*. *Ah*, ſaid one, *we may be now ſecurely merry, fearing neither Serjeant, nor Bailiff; for though a thouſand of ſuch* Philiſtines *ſhould come, here is* Samſon, *who is able to brain them all. Sir*, replied *Samſon, I may boldly venture on ſo many as you ſpeak of, provided you will lend me one of your Jaw-bones.*

One was adviſed to venture ſomething in a Lottery. Not I, ſays he, for none has Luck in it but rank Cuckolds. Come, come, ſaid his Wife, who was ſtanding by, Pray, my Dear, venture ſomething; for I am ſure, you will have very good Luck.

A great Zealot adviſed one to leave off all Wickedneſs, eſpecially that of the Fleſh, and live altogether by the Spirit, as he did. Yes, ſays the other, I do believe you do; for ſure 'twas ſome Spirit that moved you to get your Maid with Child.

One *Little*, a Mayor, ſent a Fellow, out of Malice to Priſon; but being to go out of his Place at *Michaelmas*, the Fellow went merrily ſinging,

When *Michaelmas* is come, and I ſhall be free,
I'll care as little for *Little*, as *Little* doth for me.

A

A Sea-Captain's Opinion being asked about a *future State*, he answer'd that he never troubled himself about State Affairs.

A *Scotch* Gentleman being once reproached for voting against his Conscience; said the Charge was false, *for that he never had a Conscience.*

A Lady ordered her *Irish* Footman to go to Mr: *Richard*'s, the famous Staymaker, to fetch home a new Pair of Stays; withall strictly charging him, that if it rain'd, to take a *Hackney* Coach. A violent Shower of Rain falling, the Fellow returned with the Stays dropping wet; and being severely reprimanded for not obeying the Commands of his Lady, replied, *That in Truth he did take a Coach, but came all the Way behind, as it became his Station.*

A Quaker lodging at an Inn, the House being full, a damning Blade came up into his Room, and would have hector'd him out; but he told him 'twas his Room, and by Yea and Nay, he should not come there. The Hector then began to thunder out his Oaths, and to strike him; but the Quaker, being a stout Fellow, returned his Blows double and treble, and at last kick'd him down Stairs. With that, the Master of the House sending the Tapster to know the Occasion of all that Noise, he told him, 'twas nothing, but that *Yea and Nay* had kick'd *G—d damme* down Stairs.

When the Troopers kept Guard in St *Paul's* Church, a Countryman heard that Troop was upon the Guard which quartered in their Town; so he went in, and found the Man that quartered at his House: Oh, Landlord, says the Trooper, how d'ye? Thank you heartily, says the Countryman, and I am glad to see this blessed Reformation in

in *London*; for in our Town we can't get the People to Church, and here the very Horſes come to Church.

King *James* keeping his Court at *Theobald's*, in a Time of Contagion, divers Conſtables, with their Watchmen, were ſet at ſeveral Places, to hinder the Concourſe of People from flocking thither without ſome neceſſary Occaſion; amongſt others, one Gentleman (being ſomewhat in the Garb of a Serving-Man) was examined what Lord he belong'd unto? To which he readily reply'd, To the *Lord Jehovah*: Which Word being beyond the Conſtable's Underſtanding, he ask'd his Watchmen, if they knew any ſuch Lord? They replied, No. However, the Conſtable being unwilling to give Diſtaſte, ſaid, Well, let him paſs, notwithſtanding; *I believe it is ſome* Scotch *Lord or other*.

A certain Nobleman, who had too much Fortitude and Greatneſs of Soul to be ſhaken with every Breath, was in *Ireland* during the late Rebellion in *Scotland*, and, one Morning, when it was reported that the Roman Catholicks were about to riſe, a Gentleman ran into his Chamber very abruptly, *My Lord, my Lord, we're undone*, ſays he, *All* Dublin *is up*. *Why, what's o'Clock?* ſays the Nobleman; *Ten, my Lord*, anſwered the Gentleman. *Why then, truly*, ſays his Lordſhip, with ſeeming Unconcern, *I'll get up myſelf, for I think every Man ſhould be up at Ten o'Clock*.

One Night a drunken Fellow joſtled againſt a Poſt; but the Fellow thought Some-body had joſtled him, and fell a beating the Poſt till his Fingers were broken. Says one to him, Fie, what makes you fight with a Poſt? Says he, Why did he not blow his Horn then?

A Grazier ſent his Son to the Univerſity, and he ſtudied Poetry; his Father check'd him for it; *Well, ſince you are a Poet, tell me why ſo handſome a Woman as* Venus *married ſuch an ugly Fellow as* Vulcan? *I wonder at it too, Father: and yet I wonder as much, why my Mother married you.*

One asked another, what ſuch a one was? He told him, a Proctor of the Court, and doth ſome Buſineſs of my Wife's. Come, ſaid he, he doth no Buſineſs of thy Wife's, but doth thy Buſineſs upon thy Wife.

A Country Fellow being to be catechiſed (who was an Apprentice) the Parſon aſked him, What's your Name? *John*, ſays the Fellow. Who gave you that Name? ſays the Parſon. My Godfathers and Godmothers, *&c.* ſays the Fellow. Well ſaid, ſays the Parſon; and what did your Godfathers and Godmothers then for you? Says *John*, Sir, they have done nothing for me yet, but they promiſe to do ſomething for me when I come out of my Time.

One telling his Friend of the Death of one whom he loved entirely. Says t'other, It's impoſſible, for if he had been dead he would have ſent me word, I'm ſure on't.

In a Storm at Sea all went to Prayers but one, and he fed heartily on ſalt Meat; being aſked the Reaſon, ſaid, *He ſhould drink more To-day than ever he did in his Life.*

Coblers may be ſaid to be good Men, becauſe they ſet Men upright, and are very diligent in mending Soles; and of all Knaves there is the greateſt Hope

of a Cobler, for though he is never ſo idle a Fellow, yet he is always mending.

One ſaid, that *Watermen* might be taken for Politicians, becauſe they look one Way and row another.

A poor Gentleman that had trifled away his Eſtate, being in Company with ſome merry Citizens, one would needs paſs a Joke upon him, ſaying, Tho' Citizens for the moſt Part were younger Brothers and Gentlemen, the Elders carried away the Eſtates, and were bred up highly in Learning; yet many Times the Citizens outwitted them, and got their Lands: To which the Gentleman reply'd, *That it was not their Wit, but Providence ordered it ſo; for*, ſays he, *we get your Children, and you get our Eſtates; and it is fit the Land ſhould deſcend to the right Heir.*

One, when the Hangman came to put the Halter about his Neck, deſired him not to bring the Rope too near his Throat; *For I am*, ſays he, *ſo tickliſh about that Place, that I ſhall hurt myſelf ſo with over-laughing, that it will go near to throttle me.*

A ſimple Fellow had a great Love for a young Maid, as he thought ſhe was; and that they might live peaceably and quietly together hereafter, he thought of this Expedient; one Day he told her, that it was his full Intent to marry her, and, to prevent future Quarrels, he ſaid he would tell her all the Secrets of his Heart, that their Alliance might be the ſtronger: Amongſt many other Things, he told her, that in the Heat of Blood he got a Son on a Friend of his, which Friend was yet living, and deſired her not to take it amiſs. No, no, ſaid ſhe, I am very well pleaſed, for a Friend of mine got me

me with Child, and it is a Daughter; and if you intend to fortify our Alliance, it may be done with another Marriage, that is, between your Son and my Daughter.

A Man with one Eye married a Virgin, as he thought, but found it otherwise, and upbraided her with her Unchastity. She told him, that he was not perfect himself, and would you have me so? for thou hast but one Eye, said she. But the Flaw I got, says he, was by my Enemy. And I mine by my Friend, said she, there's the Difference.

A Cobler's Wife, speaking of a Street wherein she had lived before; her Apprentice, mumbling, said, There was none but Whores and Bawds lived there: What's that you said, Sirrah? said she. I said, says he, there's honester Women than yourself lives there.

Several *French* Courtiers passing over a Bridge at *Paris*, they saw a blind Man begging, whose Eyeballs appeared so fair, that many People adjudged him to be a Counterfeit: A Nobleman's Bastard going by, said he would try the Experiment; for, says he, if he can see, I am sure he knows me, by Reason I pass this Way so often: So he goes to the Beggar, and pulls him by the Nose. Says the Beggar, roaring out, You bastardly Rogue, what's that for? Look you there, says the Bastard, how should he have known me if he had not counterfeited?

A Man was saying, his Wife was more fertile than his Land: that may very well be, says another, for if you won't take Pains to make her so, others will.

A Gentleman meeting the Duke of *Rhoan*'s Jester, asked what was his Name? Why none of your Name, says he. I know that, replied the Gentleman; but what is your Name? Says the Jester, my Name is my Father's Name. And what is his Name, says the Gentleman? It is the same as mine is. Then what are both your Names? Why, says the Jester, they are both the same.

One of the Embassadors from *Morocco*, having never seen Snow, till he came into *England*, and observing (when it snowed) that the Boys gathered it up in their Hands, said, It is no Wonder the *English* were so fair, since they washed themselves in white Rain.

A Bastard was telling his Friend, that he was as much beholden to such a Man, as to his own Father: Yes, says the other, but I believe you are more beholden to your Mother, to chuse such a Father, than to your Father that chose such a Mother.

A prating Woman who had lost her Teeth, asked a Physician the Reason, being she was young and healthy: I can't guess at any other Reason, says he, but that your Tongue grates too much against them.

A Deaf Fellow coming to *London*, to sell a Turkey, at *Hyde-Park* Corner, had occasion to untruss a Point; a Gentlemen passing by, intended to put a Joke upon him; Countryman, said he, there's a Turd under you. The Man thinking he asked the Price of his Turkey, said, 4s. Master. I say, there's a Turd under you, said the other. It is as good as ever you eat in your Life, said the Fellow, either baked or roasted. You Rascal, said he, I could find in my Heart to kick you soundly.

ſoundly. Chuſe, ſaid the Fellow, if you won't another will.

A Country Attorney appearing in a Cauſe at the Aſſizes, ſome Years ago, in very dirty Linnen, before a Judge not remarkable for his Integrity, Mr. Juſtice took occaſion to reprimand him for ſuch a Contempt of the Court; to which the *Attorney* very briſkly replied, *That altho' his Shirt was dirty, his* HANDS *were clean.*

A Man of mean Fortune married a handſome Woman of a great Eſtate, yet ſhe muſt have a Gallant, and being in private with him, told him how greatly ſhe loved him; but the Huſband over-hearing her, ſaid, believe her not, for ſhe has told me ſo this ſeven Years; which made him run down faſter than he came up.

Two Widows ſitting by the Fire, were chattering together of their dead Huſbands; and one ſaid, Let us have another Candle, for my poor Huſband loved Light, God ſend him Light everlaſting; and, ſaid the other, Let us ſtir up the Fire, my Huſband loved Fire, I wiſh him Fire everlaſting.

A Gentleman was accuſed for getting his Maid with Child, and that he went into his Maid's Bed to do it: He, to excuſe it, ſwore he never went into his Maid's Bed, for the Bed was his own.

A Gentleman galloping furiouſly over plowed Lands towards *Tame*, meeting one, ſays he, *Is this the Way to Tame?* Ay, ſays he, your Horſe, if he be as wild as the Devil.

Killegrew, the famous Jeſter to King *Charles* the Second, gets five ſmall Slips of Paper, and writes the

Word *All* upon each Paper, and puts them under the Candleſtick that ſtood neareſt the Place where the King was to ſit at Supper, leaving one End of the Paper out; ſo, the King had not been at Supper long before he eſpies the Paper: the King removes the Candleſtick, takes up the five Papers, and reads them, calls to *Killegrew*, How now, *ſays he*, what do you mean by theſe five *Alls? Oh, an't pleaſe your Majeſty, I humbly beg your Pardon, and I will tell you; the firſt All is the Country hath ſent all, the City hath lent All, the Court hath ſpent All; ſo, if we don't mend All, it will be worſt of All.*

It was reported a long Time, that Queen *Elizabeth* was dead, and then contradicted again: One that was by, ſwore, he had heard it ſo often, that he would never believe it till he ſaw it under her own Hand.

One coming into a Friend's Houſe, he ſaw the four Seaſons of the Year hanging; ſaid he, *Theſe are very pretty, but if you had bought the whole Dozen of them, it would have ſet off the Room very handſomely.*

One ſeeing his Son doing Miſchief, cries out, Sirrah, did you ever ſee me do ſo when I was a Boy?

One told a Baker's Son, his Father was a Knave: *Truly*, ſays he, *tho' I ſay it that ſhould not ſay it, my Father is as honeſt a Man as ever lived by Bread.*

Two going through *Cambridge-Market*, one aſked the Price of an Hundred *Burham* Oyſters: His Friend perſuaded him not to buy them, for they were two ſmall: Too ſmall! replied the other; there is not much Loſs in that, for I have the more to the Hundred.

Two

Two Citizens, paſſing through a Country-Village, ſaw a very fair Houſe, not inhabited; ſays one, *If I had this Houſe at* London, *it ſhould not ſtand here ſo long empty.*

Mr. *Amner* hearing ſome Gentlemen perſuading one to go along with them into the Water that could not ſwim; Faith, Neighbour, ſays he, be ruled by me, never go into the Water till you have learned to ſwim.

The ſame Perſon would very often go to an Alehouſe, and call for a Pot of Ale with a little Beer in it.

Some Gentlemen being a drinking of Ale together, one of them ſeeing Mr. *Amner* going by, requeſted him to come in and drink with 'em; a *Londoner* being there (having his Horſe tyed at the Door) ſaying to one of his Friends, Is this Mr. *Amner* that uſeth to utter the Bulls? I wiſh he don't make a Bull of my Horſe; which he overhearing, ſaid, *What a ſaucy Fellow is this? You ſee I no ſooner turn my Back, but he abuſes me to my Face.*

A Gentleman having a little Study, and having ſome Company in his Chamber, which deſired to ſee it; he told them, in faith Gentlemen, if you all go in, it will not hold you.

One who had always been very jocoſe in his Life time, when he lay on his Death bed, his Clerk came and deſired he would leave him a Legacy: Here, ſaid he, giving him a Key, *In ſuch a Drawer, there is that which will make you drink.* Not many Hours after, he died, and the Youth greedily opening the Drawer, found nought there but two Red Herrings.

A ſimple Peaſant lying one Night upon the Ground, and finding it very uneaſy, when he awaked in the Morning, ſaw a Feather under his Head: Oh, ſaid he, doth one Feather cauſe me to be ſo uneaſy? how are they troubled that lie on a great many of them?

Porters are eſteemed as Men well bred, for generally they are Men of Carriage.

A Dog lying under a Table, the Maid went to kick him out, and he did not ſtir; if a body ſhould kill this Dog, ſays ſhe, I believe he would not ſtir from this Place.

One being invited to the Funeral of a Smith, and to expreſs ſome diſſembled Grief, ſays he, the Party deceaſed, our Brother, was an honeſt Blackſmith; and whereas other Smiths pawn their Tools, he kept his Vice to his dying Day.

Says a Lady to a Nurſe, that was ſuckling a Child, *Are you a dry, Nurſe? No, Madam,* ſays ſhe, *I am a Wet Nurſe, elſe I could not ſuckle the Child. Ay, but,* ſays the Lady, *my Meaning was, whether you would drink. Not too much, Madam,* ſays ſhe, *but a little when I am a-dry.*

A young Parſon loſt his Way in a Foreſt, and being very cold and rainy, he happen'd upon a poor Cottage, and deſired any Lodging or Hay-loft to lie in, and ſome Fire to dry him; the Man told him, he and his Wife had but one Bed, and if he pleaſed to lie with them, he ſhould be welcome. The Parſon thanked him, and kindly accepted of it. In the Morning, the Man roſe to go to Market, and meeting with ſome of his Neighbours, he fell a Laughing. They asked him, what made him ſo merry about the Mouth? Why,

Why, ſays he, I can but think how ſham'd the Parſon will be when he awakes, to find himſelf left a-Bed with my Wife.

An old Gentleman being ſick of an Impoſthume, and the Servants fearing his Death, took what they could and went away; an old *Ape* ſeeing what the reſt did, found an old Hat of his Maſter's, and ſeeing the reſt of his Servants bid him adieu, he put his Hat off, and bowed to him; at which the Gentlemen laughed ſo heartily that his Impoſthume broke, and he recovered.

One that kept an Inn to entertain Thieves, and what they had ſtolen laid up for them, always had, as he call'd it, a Snack out of it. At laſt, his Houſe being miſtruſted 'twas ſearch'd, and he found to be an Abettor, though not a Robber; ſtill he followed them, for his Snack: So he and his two Partners were condemn'd. As they were going to Execution, one of the Thieves laughed, and being ask'd why he did ſo? he ſaid, He could not otherwiſe chuſe, to ſee his Landlord come in for his Snack.

A Quaker, that was a Barber, being ſued by the Parſon for Tythes; *Yea and Nay* went to him and demanded the Reaſon why he troubled him, ſeeing he had never any Dealings with him in his whole Life: *Why*, ſays the Parſon, *it is for Tythes!* ſays the Quaker, *I pry'thee, Friend, upon what Account? Why*, ſays the Parſon, *for preaching in the Church. Alas! then*, reply'd the Quaker, *I have nothing to do to pay thee; for I come not there. Oh! but you might*, ſays the Parſon, *for the Doors are always open at convenient Times*; and thereupon told him, he would be paid, ſeeing it was his Due. *Yea and Nay*, hereupon ſhaked his Ears, and making ſeveral wry Faces, departed, and immediately entered his Action (it being a Cor-

poration

poration Town) againſt the Parſon for forty Shillings: The Parſon, upon Notice of this, came to him, and very hotly demanded, Why he put ſuch a Diſgrace upon him? and for what did he owe him the Money? *Truly, Friend,* replied the Quaker, *for Trimming. For Trimming!* ſaid the Parſon; *Why I was never trimmed by you in my Life; Oh! but thou migh'ſt have come and been trimmed, if thou hadſt been pleaſed, for my Doors are always open at convenient Times as well as thine.*

One that had the looking after a Chapel, gave a Charge to the reſt, to let in none of the Crowd before the great Perſons were come and ſeated; thereupon going into the Veſtry, and looking into the Chapel, he eſpied a great many People; at which, being angry, he told one of the Vergers, I am afraid you'll be turned out of your Place, for you have filled the Chapel full of People before any Body comes in.

In the Time of the Rebellion, when the City of *London* had Works caſt about it; one ſaid, the City would be much ſtronger, if the *Thames* run on the North Side thereof: To which one made Anſwer, *That might eaſily be done; it was but removing the City to the South Side of the* Thames.

One having been very extravagant, writ to his Father to ſupply him with Money, and uſed all Means, but nothing would prevail; he very ingeniouſly wrote his Father Word he was dead, and deſired him to ſend up Money to pay for his Burial.

Mr. *Ralph Asmer*, the Bull-Speaker, when he was ſick, Well, ſaid he to his Friends, when I am dead, let this be my Epitaph, *Here lyes honeſt* Ralph, *as dead as any Man living.*

At

At another Time, going through St. Clement's Church-Yard, *If I live, and do well*, ſays he, *I'll be buried in this Place.*

At another Time, he, with ſome of his Friends, being invited to the Funeral of a Gentleman not far from *Windſor*, whither coming and finding a Houſe full of Company, they were content to ſit them down in an Arbour; and having ſat a conſiderable Time, after they had been ſerved with Roſemary and Gloves, Mr. *Amner* went into the Houſe to enquire how long it would be, before the Corpſe went to the Church? But finding it already gone, he came haſtily to his Friends, ſaying to them, Come, come, What do you mean to ſtand ſitting there? They are gone (and pointing over the Wall) ſhewing them the Corpſe and People in the next Field, he ſaid, *Do you not ſee? They are out of Sight already.*

One ſeeing a very fat Man paſs by, ſaid, *He never ſaw a larger Man of his Bigneſs in his Life.*

A Man and his Wife were ſtriving who ſhould wear the Breeches; in the mean Time one knocked at the Door, the good Man ſteps out to ſee who was there, and aſk'd the Party who he would ſpeak with? who anſwered, with the Maſter of the Houſe. Stay, Friend, ſays he, but a little while, and I ſhall reſolve you, for as yet the Caſe is doubtful. So, ſtepping in, his Wife and he went to it again, who at laſt yields him the Victory. Then he goes to the Door. Now, Friend, ſaid he, thou may'ſt ſpeak with me, I am the Maſter of the Houſe; but I could not tell thee ſo before, till my Wife and I had decided the Controverſy.

One

One walking abroad in a clear Moon-ſhine Night, ſaid, It was as fine a Night as a Man ſhould ſee in a Summer's Day.

A Fidler was bragging what a chaſte Wife he had. Says a Merchant, I'll lay my Ship againſt your Fiddle, that I'll get her good Will to lie with her; the Wager was laid, and he had the Liberty to try her; the Fidler at the ſame Time at the Window, ſung this Song;

Hold out, Sweet-heart, hold out,
Hold out, but theſe two Hours;
If thou hold out, there is no Doubt
But the Ship and all is ours.

Her Anſwer:

Indeed, ſweet Robin, *I cannot,*
He hath caught me about the Middle;
He hath me won, and thou art undone,
Sweet Robin, *thou haſt loſt thy Fiddle.*

A *Welchman* ſeeing his Maſter tearing ſome Letters, Pray, Sir, give hur one, ſays he, no Matter which, to ſend hur Friends, for they have not heard from hur a great while.

Sir *Thomas Gardiner*, being choſe Recorder of *London*, one ſaid that Office was the moſt fitting for him of all others; no Place in the Kingdom being more full of ill Weeds.

A Citizen having new built his Houſe, he was praiſing the Conveniency of it, and how light it was: For, ſays he, the Morning Sun lies all Day upon it.

King

King *Charles* the Second, and the Duke of *Ormond*, diſcourſing of the prettieſt Women of the ſeveral Countries, ſays the King to the Duke, My Lord, you have very pretty Women in *Ireland*, but they have great Legs. *O, that's nothing, pleaſe you my Liege, we lay them aſide.*

Scarron, a little before his Death ſeeing his Relations and Servants weeping heartily, ſaid to them; Children, you never will cry ſo much as I have made you laugh.

Socrates's Friends being angry at a Man who had not returned his Civility, *Why ſo angry*, ſaid *Socrates*, *that this Man is not as civil as I?*

A Lady of Pleaſure having had five ſeveral Copies of her Picture drawn in Miniature, *How comes it*, ſays a Cavalier to the Painter, *that this Lady has ſo many of her Pictures drawn? 'Tis*, anſwered he, *becauſe her Iniquities are multiplied.*

Francis Carvajal, the great Captain of the Rebels of *Peru*, had often given Chaſe to *Diego Centeno*, a principal Commander of the Emperor's Party. He was afterwards taken by the Emperor's Lieutenant, *Gaſca*, and committed to the Cuſtody of *Diego Centeno*, who uſed him with all poſſible Courteſy; inſomuch, that *Carjaval* aſked him, I pray, Sir, who are you that uſe me with this Courteſy? *Centeno* ſaid, Do you not know *Diego Centeno? Carjaval* anſwered, Truly, Sir, I have been ſo uſed to ſee your Back, that I know not your Face.

Some Gentlemen talking at a Tavern about the Criminals then under Sentence of Death; one of the Company ſaid, he believed ſuch a one (mentioning his Name) would get off, for that the *Preſbyterian*

Clergy (he being of that Sect) had made great Intereſt to ſave him; upon which, a Gentleman made anſwer, That he was excluded the *Benefit of Clergy*.

The *French* King having a Lady in his private Apartment, commanded that no one ſhould enter till his Majeſty gave Orders for his being ſeen. An Officer happening to come at that Time with an Expreſs, was very importunate to be admitted; but being denied, was obliged to wait till a Lady in Green had come out of the King's Cloſet, ſoon after which he was introduced; and enquiring of his Majeſty's Welfare, the King told him he had been ſomewhat indiſpoſed, but was then perfectly recovered. The Officer replied, I believe your Majeſty was troubled with the *Green-Sickneſs*, for I ſaw it go out at the Door.

At a Stage Play in *Oxford*, a *Corniſh* Man was brought in to wreſtle with three *Welchmen*, one after another; and when he had worſted them all, he called out, as his Part was, *Have you any more* Welchmen? which Words ſo exaſperated a Gentleman of *Jeſus* College, that he leaped upon the Stage, and threw the Player in earneſt.

In the Year 1649 the New Preſident and Fellows of *Magdalen* College, cauſed the Picture of our Saviour to be taken down out of the Window of their Chapel, (in which is repreſented the Day of Judgment) but left the Picture of the Devil ſtanding; whereupon a Countryman ſeeing what had been done, ſaid, *Blex ux, what a Remarvation is here? what! pluck down* God *and ſet up the* Devil. But this Picture was again ſet up in 1675.

On

On the 25th of *August*, 1633, or much about that Time, Dr. *Potter* presented one of his Books to the King, intitled, *Charity mistaken*. A Prebendship of *Windsor* was designed him for his Reward, then likely to be void by the Promotion of the Bishop of *Glocester* to *Hereford*. It was thought that Dr. *Heylin* should have been the Man, and many of his Friends, especially *Neale* Archbishop of *York*, put him hard upon it; but it did not move him, only so far as to make this Epigram upon it, and so passed it by:

When *Windsor* Prebend late disposed was,
One ask'd me sadly how it came to pass
Potter was chose, and *Heylin* was forsaken?
I answer'd, 'twas by——*Charity mistaken*.

But the Bishop of *Glocester (Goodman)* was not removed, so the Business ended.

Ben Johnson, after he had been created A. M. at *Oxford*, 1619, returned to *London*; but his Friends being scrupulous of it, would be often asking him, *but are you indeed* A. M. *Yes*, he replied, *without Question*.

A poor *Cavalier Corporal*, being condemn'd to die, wrote this Letter to his Wife the Day before he expected to suffer, thinking it would come to Hand the Day after his Execution.

" Dear Wife,

" Hoping you are in good Health, as I am at this " present Writing: This is to let you know, that " Yesterday, between the Hours of eleven and twelve " I was hanged, drawn, and quartered. I died very " penitently, and every Body thought my Case very

" hard. Remember me kindly to my poor fatherleſs " Children.

Your's, till Death, *W. B.*"

A Miniſter who was travelling in the Weſt of *England*, happened to ſtop at a Village on Sunday, and meeting with the Church Warden, offered to give him a Sermon: The Church Warden asked him if he was licenſed to preach? Yes, quoth the Miniſter; and pulled out a Licence in *Latin*. Truly, ſays the Church Warden, I don't underſtand *Latin*, but pray let me look upon your Licence, for I may perhaps pick out a Word here and there. No, good Sir, quoth the Miniſter, I'll have no Words picked out, for I won't have my Licence ſpoiled.

A young Man, the Son of a rich Miſer, who alſo was a great Miſer himſelf, went to adviſe with a Friend about a Wife, telling him, that if he married any, it muſt be one who is both rich and frugal: Nay, ſays the other, then my Advice is, *that you marry your Father, for he is the fitteſt for your Purpoſe of any that I know.*

A Gentleman with a very red Face, ſtepping up to a Lady, clapped his bare Hand to her Neck: *Dear Madam*, ſays he, *you are as cold as a Cricket in an Ice-houſe:* She immediately replied, *If you clap your fiery Face to my A—e, it will be the ready Way to warm me.*

A Countryman ſtanding to look at the curious *Wax-work* in *Fleet-ſtreet*, was aſked by a Lady who obſerved him, how he ſhould like one of thoſe Ladies for a Bedfellow? *Wounds*, anſwered he, *for all ſhe looks ſo woundy fine now ſhe is dreſt, when ſhe comes to pluck off her* Paint *and her* Patches, *and her fine Cloaths to come to Bed, ſhe perhaps may look as*

ugly

ugly as you do, forsooth. This Reply so dashed the Lady, that she went away blushing at her own Imperfections.

A *Buck* walking along the Street, meets with an old decayed Lady, with a Gown that was by Age worn Thread-bare; the *Buck*, thinking to crack a Jest with her, took up the Hem of her Gown, and kissed it, which she looking back, and taking Notice of, asked, *What he meant by that?* Why, says he, to honour old Age. *Alas! Sir*, replied she, *you might then have kissed mine A—t, for that is forty Years older.*

A Gentleman riding upon a large lean Horse, a Person that met him, asked, *What a Yard of his Horse was worth?* With that, he bids his Man alight, and lift up his Horse's Tail, and then he answered, *Enter into the Shop, and they within will tell you.*

Two Priests going from *Roan* from *Paris*, met with a Peasant mounted on an Ass, who seeing them, began to bray after a strange Fashion, as if he thought them of their Fraternity: The Priests, willing to abuse the Peasant, asked him, *Why he suffered his Brother to cry? Cannot you appease him, and give him what he wants?* The Countryman, who was none of the dullest in the Village, answered them; *The Ass, Sir, is so ravished to meet with his Kindred, that he knows not how to express it to them; and knowing you to be the nearest of his Family, he trumpets forth his melodious Voice, to testify to you the Joy he hath to see you.*

At a certain Battle which the Pope had at the Field of ——, a *Spanish* Cardinal came in among the Soldiers, and advised them not to spare their

Lives, but to exert their utmoſt Courage for the Good and Welfare of his Holineſs; promiſing them a plenary Remiſſion of all their Sins, and that thoſe that died in the Battle, ſhould dine with the Angels in *Paradiſe:* And having thus counſelled them, he retired out of the Battle; which a Soldier perceiving, ſaid to him, Monſieur, *And will you not ſtay and dine with us in* Paradiſe? To which the valiant Cardinal replied, *that his Hour of eating was not yet come.*

A Quaker asked a Parſon who he thought was the firſt *Quaker?—Balaam,* anſwered the Parſon.—*Balaam!* ſays the *Quaker,* How doſt thou make it out? It is plainly ſo, ſays the Parſon, becauſe *he was the firſt that ever gave his Attention to hear an Aſs hold forth.*

A Prieſt in *France* ſeeing a poor Woman with Child, ſhook his Head, and ſaid, Miſtreſs, I am very ſorry for your Misfortune. What Misfortune, Sir, ſaid the Woman? O, anſwered he, I can tell by my extraordinary Learning, that your Child is without a Head.—O dear Sir, ſays ſhe, as you are a learned Man, will you make a Head to it?—Yes, yes, ſays the reverend Father, I am always willing to do a charitable Act.—With that they immediately went to Labour, and the Backſide of the Prieſt moved with exceſſive Gravity.

An old toping Companion, having ſat ſoaking in an Alehouſe, in a Country Market-town, two or three Days, was at laſt grown ſo tipſey, that he could not diſcern a Houſe from a Mouſe-trap, and ſtepping out into the Street to make Water, he kept a heavy Buſtle to find the Premiſes; which an arch Wag perceiving, he came behind him, and clapt up his Thumb between his Legs; the old Soldier took hold of his Thumb,

Thumb, inſtead of ſomething elſe, and fairly let the warm Water fall out at the Knees of his Breeches.

There being a great Diſturbance one Night at *Drury-Lane* Play-houſe, the late Mr. *Wilks*, coming upon the Stage to ſay ſomething to pacify the Audience, had an Orange thrown full at him, which when he had taken up, making a low Bow, with the Orange in his Hand, *This is no* Civil *Orange, I think*, ſaid he.

A certain Poet and Player, remarkable for his Impudence and Cowardice, happening many Years ago to have a Quarrel with Mr. *Powel*, another Player, received from him a ſmart Box on the Ear; a few Days after, the Poetical Player having loſt his Snuff-Box, was making ſtrict Enquiry, if any body had ſeen his Box. *What*, ſaid another of the Theatrical Punſters, *That which* George Powel *gave you the other Night?*

In the Reign of Queen *Anne*, when it was ſaid that Lord *Oxford* had got a Number of Peers made at once to ſerve a particular Turn, being met the next Day by my Lord *Wharton*; *So*, Robin, *ſaid he, I find what you loſt by* Tricks, *you have gained by* Honours.

Sir *T. P.* once in Parliament, brought in a Bill that wanted ſome Amendment, which being not attended to by the Houſe, he frequently repeated, That he *thirſted* to mend his Bill. Upon which, a worthy Member got up, and ſaid, *Mr.* Speaker, I *humbly move, ſince that Member* thirſts *ſo very much, that he may be allowed to mend his* Draught. This put the Houſe in ſuch good Humour, that his Requeſt was granted.

A certain Country Squire asked a *Merry Andrew*, Why he play'd the Fool? For the same Reason, said he, that you do; out of *Want*; *you do it for* Want *of Wit*, *I do it for* Want *of Money*.

When the Duke of *Ormond* was young, and came first to Court, he happened to stand next to my Lady *Dorchester* one Evening in the Drawing-Room, who being but little upon the Reserve on most Occasions, let a Fart; upon which he looked her full in the Face, and laugh'd. What's the Matter, my Lord? said she: Oh! I heard it, Madam, reply'd the Duke. *You'll make a fine Courtier, indeed*, said she, *if you mind every thing you* hear *in this Place*.

A Gentleman asked a Lady at *Tunbridge*, who had made a very large Acquaintance among the Beaus and pretty Fellows there, what she would do with them all? Oh! said she, they pass off like the Waters: *And pray, Madam*, reply'd the Gentleman, *do they all* pass the same Way?

An Hackney Coachman, who was just set up, had heard that the Lawyers used to club their *Three-pence* apiece, four of them, to go to *Westminster*, and being called by a Lawyer at *Temple Bar*, who, with two others in their Gowns, got into his Coach, he was bid to drive to *Westminster-Hall*; but the Coachman still holding his Door open, as if he waited for more Company, one of the Gentlemen asked him, why he did not shut the Door, and go on? The Fellow, scratching his Head, cry'd, *You know, Master, my Fare's a Shilling, I can't go for* Nine-pence.

Gun Jones, who had made a handsome Fortune from a very mean Beginning, happening to have some Words with a Person, who had known him for some time, was asked by the other, How he could have

have the Impudence to give himſelf ſo many Airs to him, when he knew very well, that he remembered him ſeven Years before, when he had *hardly a Rag to his A——*. *You lye, Sirrah*, reply'd *Jones*; *for ſeven Years ago I had nothing but Rags to my A——*.

One told another, who was not uſed to be cloathed very often, that his new Coat was too ſhort for him; *That's true*, anſwered his Friend, *but it will be long enough before I get another*.

Altho' the Infirmities of Nature are not proper Subjects to be made a Jeſt of; yet when People take a great deal of Pains to conceal what every body ſees, there is nothing more ridiculous: Of this Sort was old *Croſs* the Player, who being very deaf, did not care any body ſhould know it. Honeſt *Joe Miller*, going with a Friend one Day along *Fleet-ſtreet*, and ſeeing old *Croſs* on the other Side of the Way, told his Acquaintance he ſhould ſee ſome Sport; ſo beckoning to *Croſs* with his Finger, and ſtretching open his Mouth as wide as ever he could, as if he halloo'd to him, tho' he ſaid nothing, the old Fellow came puffing from the other Side of the Way, *What a Pox*, ſaid he, *do you make ſuch a Noiſe for? Do you think one can't hear?*

Joe Miller, another Day, ſitting in the Window at the *Sun* Tavern in *Clare-ſtreet*, while a Fiſh Woman was paſſing by, crying, *Buy my Souls, Buy my Maids!* Ah! you wicked old Creature, ſaid *Joe*, *are you not contented to ſell your own Soul, but you muſt ſell your Maid's too*.

Sir *William Davenant*, the Poet, who had no *Noſe*, going along the *Meuſe* one Day, a Beggar Woman followed him, crying, Ah! God preſerve your *Eye-Sight*, Sir; the Lord preſerve your *Eye-Sight*. Why, good

good Woman, ſaid he, do'ſt thou pray ſo much for my *Eye-Sights?* Ah! dear Sir, anſwered the Woman, if it ſhould pleaſe God that you grow dim-ſighted, you have no Place to hang your Spectacles on.

A conceited Fellow, who fancy'd himſelf a Poet, aſked *Nat Lee*, if it was not eaſy to write like a *Madman* as he did? *No*, anſwered *Nat*, *but it is eaſy to write like a* Fool *as you do.*

Colley, who, notwithſtanding his *Odes*, has now and then ſaid a good Thing, being told one Night behind the Scenes by the late Duke of *Wharton*, that he expected to ſee him *hang'd* or *beggar'd* very ſoon; *By G—d*, ſaid the Laureat, *if I had your Grace's* Politicks *and* Morals, *you might expect both.*

Dr. *Sewel*, and two or three more Gentlemen, walking towards *Hampſtead*, on a Summer's Day, were met by the famous *Daniel Purcell*, the Punſter, who was very importunate with them to know upon what Account they were going thither. The Doctor merrily anſwered him, *To make Hay.* Very well, replied the other, you'll be there at a very convenient Seaſon, the Country wants *Rakes.*

A Gentleman was ſaying one Day at the *Tilt-Yard* Coffee-houſe, when it rained exceeding hard, that it put him in Mind of the General *Deluge.* Zoons, Sir, ſaid an old Campaigner, who ſtood by, Who's that? I have heard of all the *Generals* in *Europe* but him.

A Traveller coming into the Kitchen of an Inn, in a very cold Night, ſtood ſo cloſe to the Fire that he burnt his Boots. An arch Rogue, who ſat in the Chimney-Corner, cried out to him, Sir, you'll burn your Spurs preſently. *My Boots you mean, I ſuppoſe,* ſaid

ſaid the Gentleman. *No, Sir*, replied the other, *they are burnt already.*

Villiers, the witty and extravagant Duke of *Buckingham*, in King *Charles* IId's Time, was ſaying one Day to Sir *Robert Viner*, in a melancholy Humour; I am afraid, Sir *Robert*, I ſhall die a Beggar at laſt, which is the moſt terrible Thing in the World: Upon my Word, my Lord, ſaid Sir *Robert*, there is another Thing more terrible which you have Reaſon to apprehend, and that is, *That you will live a Beggar, at the Rate you go on.*

The ſame noble Duke, another Time, was making his Complaint to Sir *John Cutler*, a rich Miſer, of the Diſorder of his Affairs, and asked him what he ſhould do to prevent the Ruin of his Eſtate? *Live as I do, my Lord*, ſaid Sir *John*; *That I can do*, anſwered the Duke, *when I am ruined.*

At another Time a Perſon, who had been a Dependant on his Grace, begged his Intereſt for him at Court; and to preſs the Thing more home upon the Duke, ſaid, *He had nobody to depend upon but God and his Grace. Then*, ſays the Duke, *you are in a miſerable Way; for you could not have pitched upon any two who have leſs Intereſt at Court.*

A Lady being asked how ſhe liked a Gentleman's Singing, who had a very *ſtinking Breath: The Words are good*, ſaid ſhe, *but the* Air *is intolerable.*

Sir *Thomas More*, for a long Time having only *Daughters*, his Wife prayed earneſtly that they might have a *Boy*; at laſt they had a *Boy*, who, when he came to Man's Eſtate, proved but ſimple; *Thou prayedſt ſo long for a Boy*, ſaid Sir *Thomas* to his Wife, *that*

that at last thou h st got One, who will be a Boy *as long as he lives.*

The same Gentleman, when Lord Chancellor, being pressed by the Counsel of the Party, for a *longer Day* to perform a Decree, said, *Take St.* Barnaby's Day, *the longest in the Year*; which happened to be the next Week.

This famous Chancellor, who preserved his Humour and Wit to the last Moment, when he came to be executed on *Tower Hill*, the Headsman demanded his *Upper Garment* as his Fee, *Ah! Friend*, said he, taking off his Cap, *that I think is my* Upper Garment.

The great *Algernoon Sidney* seemed to shew little Concern at his Death; he had, indeed, got some Friends to intercede with the King for a Pardon; but when it was told him, that his Majesty could not be prevailed upon to give him his Life; but that, in regard to his ancient and noble Family, he would remit Part of his Sentence, and only have his Head cut off; *Nay*, said he, *if his Majesty is resolved to have my Head, he may make a Whistle of my A—— if he pleases.*

When *Rabelais*, the greatest Drole in *France*, lay on his Death-Bed, he could not help jesting at the very last Moment; for having received the Extreme Unction, a Friend coming to see him, said, he hoped he was *prepared* for the next World; *Yes, yes*, replied *Rabelais, I am ready for my Journey now*; they have just greased my Boots.

Henry the IVth of *France*, reading an ostentatious Inscription on the Monument of a *Spanish* Officer, *Here lies the Body of* Don, *&c. &c. who never knew*

what

what Fear was. Then, *ſaid the King*, he never ſnuffed a Candle with his Fingers.

When Sir *Richard Steele* was fitting up his great Room in *York Buildings*, which he intended for publick Orations, he happened at a Time to be pretty much behind-hand with his Workmen; and coming one Day among them, to ſee how they went forward, he ordered one of them to get into the *Roſtrum*, and make a Speech, that he might obſerve how it could be heard: The Fellow mounting, and ſcratching his Pate, told him, he knew not what to ſay, for in Truth he was no Orator. Oh! ſaid the Knight, no Matter for that, ſpeak any Thing that comes uppermoſt. *Why here, Sir* Richard, ſays the Fellow, *we have been working for you theſe ſix Weeks, and cannot get one Penny of Money: Pray, Sir, when do you deſign to pay us?* Very well, very well, ſaid Sir *Richard*, pray come down, I have heard enough: I cannot but own you ſpeak very diſtinctly, though I don't admire your Subject.

A Country Clergyman, meeting a Neighbour who never came to Church, although an old Fellow of above Sixty, he gave him ſome Reproof on that Account, and asked him, if he never read at Home? No, replied the Clown, I can't read: I dare ſay, ſaid the Parſon, you don't know who made you? Not I, in Troth, cry'd the Countryman. A little Boy coming by at the ſame Time, Who made you, Child? ſaid the Parſon; God, Sir, anſwered the Boy. Why, look you there, quoth the honeſt Clergyman, are not you aſhamed to hear a Child of five or ſix Years old tell me who made him, when you, that are ſo old a Man, cannot? *Ah!* ſaid the Countryman, *it is no Wonder that he ſhould remember; he was made but t'other Day, it is a great while Maeſter, ſin I was made.*

The late Duke of *Wharton*, going thro' *Holbourn*, in a Hackney-Coach with *Phil. F—*, ſaw a Fellow drumming before the Door of a Puppet-Show: Now, this is a pretty Employment, *Phil.* ſaid the Duke; if you were reduced ſo low, that you were obliged to be either a Highwayman, or Drummer to a Puppet-Shew, which would you chuſe? Faith, my Lord, anſwered *Phil.* I would be the Highwayman, rather than the other. *Ay*, replied the Duke, *that confirms the Opinion I had always of you, that you have more* Pride *than* Honeſty.

A certain Senator, who is not, it may be, eſteem'd the wiſeſt Man in the Houſe, has a frequent Cuſtom of ſhaking his Head, when another ſpeaks; which giving Offence to a particular Perſon, he complained of the Indignity ſhewn to him: but one who had been acquainted with the firſt Gentleman from a Child, as he told the Houſe, aſſured them, That it was only an ill Habit that he had got, *for though he would ſhake his* Head, *there was* Nothing *in it.*

A *French* Marquis, being one Day at Dinner at the late *Roger Williams*'s, the famous Punſter and Publican, was boaſting of the happy Genius of his Nation, in projecting all the fine Modes and Faſhions, particularly the *Ruffle*, which, he ſaid, *Was de fine Ornament to de Hand, and had been followed by all de other Nations. Roger* allowed what he ſaid, but obſerved at the ſame Time, *That the* Engliſh, *according to Cuſtom, had made a great Improvement upon their Invention, by adding the Shirt to it.*

A Gentleman of more Wealth than Wit, having married a luſty young Woman, was not three Months married, when he became ſo weak, that he was ſcarce able to walk; his Friends ſeeing it, thought it fit to ſend

ſend him away a Month or two from his Wife, under Pretence of going to ſee his Uncle; while he was there, he ſees ſome Sheep leaping a Ditch, but the Ram was ſo weak, that he could not follow; ſo *Simpleton* comes to the Shepherd, and tells him, he knew a Way how his Ram ſhould grow ſtrong: Pray, Sir, ſays he, what is it? I'll tell you; *You muſt ſend him to his* Uncle, *and I'll warrant him he will grow ſtrong again.*

The Biſhop of *Evreux* in *France*, going from *Taſaſia* to *Calen*, was benighted, and meeting a Peaſant (who had not yet left his Cart) aſked of him, *Whether he might get through the City Gate?* The Peaſant obſerving him to be fat, replied, *my Cart, with a Load of Hay, paſſed through juſt now, but I queſtion whether your Paunch may paſs, that carries the Crop of a whole Dioceſe.*

A Gentleman going to *Oxford* put up at *Serjeant's Inn* at *Uxbridge*, and after Dinner called for a Bill, which was preſently brought him; and was as follows:

Beef Stakes	—	0	1	0
Bread	—	0	0	3
Wine	—	0	1	0
Total		0	2	3

The Gentleman, after paying the above Bill, called for his Horſe, and was going to proſecute his Journey, when the Waiter halloed out, Sir, you have not paid any Thing for your Fire, and we never charge leſs than *Six-pence*. How came you to forget to charge it in the Bill, ſaid the Gentleman? I did not forget it, Sir, replied the Waiter, but I

was afraid to put *Fire* in the Bill for fear of *burning* it.

A Gentleman ſaid, that beautiful Whores are like *Mead* mixt with Poiſon, for tho' they are capable of giving ſome Pleaſure at firſt, yet an intolerable Pain ſucceeds.

An *Iriſhman* being ſent to ſee what it was o'Clock by St. *Paul's*, returned, and told his Maſter it was *Fourteen* o'Clock. *Fourteen o'Clock!* ſays his Maſter; what do you mean, you ſtupid Dog? Indeed, Sir, anſwered he, it is true; for by my Shoul St. *Paul's* Clock ſtruck *ſeven*, and the Paſtry-Cook's juſt by ſtruck *ſeven* more, and I am ſure that ſeven and ſeven make fourteen.

In a Company where they were playing at Compariſons, an agreeable young Lady was likened to a Repeater. A Gentleman coming in, ſhe appealed to him for the Propriety of the Reſemblance: *Madam*, ſays he, *I find a very great Difference, for a Repeater makes us remember the Hours, but your agreeable Perſon and Converſation makes us forget them.*

A Parſon who attended a Thief to the Gallows, when he was upon the Point of being turned off, ſaid to him very edifyingly, "You have been a "great Sinner it is true, but now you muſt re-"form, and promiſe me faithfully never to do the "like again."

A Gentleman upon loſing his Place, for having been ſeen often in Company with diſaffected Perſons, aſſured the Miniſter, that he was very innocent, notwithſtanding his Acquaintance with thoſe People. *It may be ſo*, ſays the Miniſter, *but if an honeſt Woman*

is found in a Bawdy-Houſe, *People would be apt to take her for a* Whore.

A Gentleman, whoſe Wife complained a little of his Manhood, conſented that ſhe ſhould make Choice of any one, ſo that it was but one, to do Family Duty in his Stead: She choſe the Coachman, a ſturdy Fellow; but by ſome Accident the Reverend Chaplain came to ſuſpect the Intrigue that was carrying on by his Patron's Lady, and was reſolved to watch her Waters; it was not long before he had an Opportunity, by peeping through a Key-Hole, of being entirely confirmed in his Suſpicion; and being a very conſcientious Man, he thought it his Duty to acquaint her Huſband with it: He told him he could not ſee him abuſed in ſo vile, ſo abominable a Manner, without letting him know it. *Huſh, huſh, Doctor*, ſaid the Gentleman, *the Thing is a Secret: I give my Coachman Twenty Pounds a Year extraordinary for that very Service. Gad take me*, cried the conſcientious Parſon, *Why would you not ſpeak to me? I would have done it for half the Money, and have thank'd you too.*

A young Man, who had ſtolen a Silver Plate from his Uncle, received the following Reproach for his Folly, in his Uncle's Will, contained in theſe Words, *I give and bequeath to my Nephew N.*— eleven *Silver Plates: He knows the Reaſon why I do not leave him the* twelfth.

A Gentleman, ſeeing an ugly Woman of the Town, ſaid, that whoever firſt made her a Whore, had been guilty of a double Sin; firſt, in debauching her, and then leaving her to follow a Trade, by which there was ſo little Probability of her getting a Livelihood.

A poor Woman, with half a dozen Children at her Heels, aſked Alms of a Gentlewoman in the Street; I think, ſaid the Gentlewoman, that being ſo poor, you might find ſomething elſe to do, and I wonder you are not aſhamed to get ſo many Children. Alas! Madam, replied the good Woman, you don't conſider, that we poor Folks have often *nothing elſe for our Breakfaſt, Dinner and Supper.*

A Comedian having a large full Wig on, which he had not paid for, was told by a Friend of his, that it was a very good one. *Faith, Sir,* ſaid he, with his uſual Humour, *I know not how good it may prove in the long run, but at preſent it has run me over Head and Ears in Debt.*

A Mayor of *Oxon* riding through the Water with Queen *Elizabeth*, would not ſuffer his Steed to drink; for which the Queen blaming him, he anſwered, *I ſhall teach my Horſe better Manners than to drink before your Majeſty.*

A very modeſt young Gentleman of the County of *Tipperary*, having attempted many Ways in vain to acquire the Affections of a Lady of great Fortune, at laſt was reſolved to try what could be done by the Help of Muſic, and therefore entertained her with a Serenade under her Window at Midnight; but ſhe ordered her Servants to drive him thence by throwing at him: *Oh! my Friend,* ſaid one of his Companions, *your Muſic is as powerful as that of* Orpheus, *for it draws the very Stones about you.*

Some unluckly Boys, the Scholars of Dr. *Busby*, at *Weſtminſter*. beſmeared the Stairs leading to the School with ſomething that ſhall be nameleſs; the Doctor, as it was deſigned, befouled his Fingers very much in it; which ſo enraged him, that he ſaid, He

He would give any Boy Half a Crown, that would diſcover who had a Hand in it: Upon which, an arch Boy immediately told him, for that Reward he would let him know who had a Hand in it; Well, ſaid the Doctor, I will certainly give you the Half Crown, if you tell me the Truth. *Why then*, anſwered the Boy, *you had a Hand in it, or it would not have been ſo beſh—t.*

A Gentleman, having lent a Guinea for two or three Days to a Perſon whoſe Promiſes he had not much Faith in, was very much ſurprized to find, that he very punctually kept his Word with him; the ſame Gentleman being ſome Time after deſirous of borrowing a larger Sum, *No*, ſaid the other, *you have deceived me once, and I am reſolved you ſhall not do it a ſecond Time.*

Daniel Purcell, the famous Punſter, calling for ſome Pipes in a Tavern, complained they were too *ſhort:* The Drawer ſaid they had no other, and thoſe were *but juſt come in.* *Ay*, ſaid *Daniel*, *I ſee your Maſter has not bought them* very long.

The ſame Gentleman, as he had the Character of a great Punſter, was deſired one Night in Company, by a Gentleman to make a *Pun extempore.* Upon what Subject? ſaid *Daniel.* The *King*, anſwered the other. *Oh Sir*, ſaid he, *the* King *is no* Subject.

An *Iriſh* Lawyer of the *Temple*, having Occaſion to go to Dinner, left the Directions in his Key-hole. *Gone to the* Elephant *and* Caſtle, *where you ſhall find me; and if you can't read this, carry it to the Stationer's, and he ſhall read it for you.*

The ſame Gentleman had a Client of his own Country, who was a Sailor, and having been at Sea for

for ſome Time, his Wife was married again in his Abſence, ſo he was reſolved to proſecute her; and coming to adviſe with the Counſellor, told him, he muſt have Witneſſes to prove that he was alive when his Wife married again. Arrah, by my Shoul, but that ſhall be impoſſible, ſaid the other; for my Ship-Mates are all gone to Sea again upon a long Voyage, and ſhan't return this Twelve-month. *Oh! then*, anſwered the Counſellor, *there can be nothing done in it; and what a Pity it is that ſuch a brave Cauſe ſhould be loſt now, only becauſe you cannot prove yourſelf to be alive.*

A Gentleman happening one Day to be caught by ſome of his Friends in a very familiar Poſture with a Cook-Wench, who was exceeding ugly, was pretty much rallied by them for the Oddneſs of his Fancy. *Why, look ye, Gentlemen*, ſaid he, *altho' I am not a very young Fellow, I have a good Conſtitution, and am not, I thank Heaven, reduced yet either to* Beauty *or* Brandy *to whet my Appetite.*

Mr. *Congreve* going up the Water in a Boat, one of the Watermen told him, as they paſſed by *Peterborough* Houſe at *Mill-Bank*, that that Houſe had *ſunk a Story*. *No, Friend*, ſays he, *I rather believe it is a* Story raiſed.

The aforeſaid Houſe, which is the very laſt in *London* one Way, being rebuilt, a Gentleman asked another, Who lived in it? His Friend told him, Sir *Robert Groſvenor*. *I do not know*, ſaid the firſt, *what Eſtate Sir* Robert *has, but he ought to have a very good one; for Nobody* lives beyond him in the whole Town.

Two

Two Gentlemen diſputing about Religion in *Button*'s Coffee-houſe, ſaid one of them, I wonder, Sir, you ſhould talk of Religion, when I'll hold you five Guineas you can't ſay the *Lord's Prayer*; Done, ſaid the other, and Sir *Richard Steele* here ſhall hold Stakes. The Money being depoſited, the Gentleman began with, *I believe in God*, and ſo went cleverly through the *Creed: Well*, ſaid the other, *I own I have loſt, I did not think he could have done it.*

When *Oliver* firſt coined his Money, an old Cavalier looking upon one of the new Pieces, read this Inſcription on one Side, *God with us:* On the other, *The Commonwealth of* England, *I ſee*, ſaid he, *God and the Commonwealth are on* different *Sides.*

Colonel *Bond*, who had been one of King *Charles* the Firſt's Judges, died a Day or two before *Oliver*, and it was ſtrongly reported every where that *Cromwell* was dead; *No*, ſaid a Gentleman, who knew better, *he has only given* Bond *to the Devil for his further Appearance.*

Colonel ———, who made the fine Fireworks in St. *James's Square*, upon the Peace of *Ryſwick*, being in Company with ſome Ladies, was highly commending the Epitaph juſt then ſet up in the Abbey on Mr. *Purcell*'s Monument.

He is gone to that Place, where only his own Harmony *can be exceeded.*

Lord, Colonel, ſaid one of the Ladies, the ſame Epitaph might ſerve for you, by altering one Word only:

He is gone to that Place, where only his own Fireworks *can be exceeded.*

After

After the Fire of *London*, there was an Act of Parliament to regulate the Buildings of the City; every Houſe was to be *three Stories* high, and there were to be no *Balconies* backwards: A *Glouceſterſhire* Gentleman, a Man of great Wit and Humour, juſt after this Act paſſed, going along the Street, and ſeeing a little crooked Gentlewoman on the other Side of the Way, he runs over to her in great Haſte; Lord, Madam, ſaid he, how dare you walk thus publicly in the Streets? Walk publicly in the Streets! and why not, pray Sir? anſwered the little Woman. *Becauſe*, ſaid he, *you are built directly contrary to Act of Parliament; you are but two Stories high, and your* Balcony *hangs over your Houſe of Office.*

King *Charles* II. having ordered a new Suit of Cloaths to be made, juſt at the Time when Addreſſes were coming up to him from all Parts of the Kingdom, *Tom Killigrew* went to the Taylor, and order'd him to make a very large Pocket on one Side of the Coat, and one ſo ſmall on the other, that the King could hardly get his Hand into it; which ſeeming very odd, when they were brought Home. the King aſked the Meaning of it; the Taylor ſaid, Mr. *Killegrew* ordered it ſo. *Killegrew* being ſent for, and interrogated, ſaid, *One Pocket was for the* Addreſſes *of his Majeſty's Subjects, the other for the* Money *they would give him.*

Tom B——n——t happening to be at Dinner at my Lord Mayor's, in the latter Part of Queen *Anne*'s Reign, after two or three Healths the Miniſtry was toaſted; but when it came to *Tom*'s Turn to drink, he diverted it for ſome Time, by telling a Story to the Perſon who ſat next him: The Chief Magriſtate of the City, not ſeeing his Toaſt go round, called out, *Gentlemen, where ſticks the Miniſtry? At nothing, by G——d, ſays Tom,* and ſo drank off his Glaſs.

A certain Fop was boasting in Company, that he had every *Sense* in Perfection; *No, by G——d*, said one who was by, *there is one that you are entirely without, and that is* Common Sense.

Dr. *Tadloe*, who was a Man of an enormous Size, happening to go *Thump, Thump*, with his great Legs through a Street in *Oxford*, where the Paviours were at Work, in the Middle of *July*, the Fellows immediately laid down their Rammers. *Ah! God bless you, Master*, cries one of them, *it was very kind of you to come this Way; it saves us a great Deal of Trouble this hot Weather.*

Lord *C——by*, coming out of the House of Lords one Day, called out, *Where's my Fellow? Not in* England, *by G——d*, said a Gentleman who stood by.

Michael Angelo, in his Picture of the last Judgment, in the Pope's Chapel, painted among the Figures in *Hell*, that of a certain *Cardinal*, who was his Enemy, so like, that every body knew it at first Sight: Whereupon the *Cardinal* complaining to Pope *Clement* VIIth of the Affront, and desiring it might be defaced, *You know very well*, said the Pope, *I have Power to deliver a Soul out of* Purgatory, *but not out of* Hell.

The Chaplain's Boy of a Man of War, being sent out of his own Ship on an Errand to another, the two Boys were conferring Notes about their Manner of Living: How often, said one, do you go to Prayers now? Why, answered the other, in Case of a *Storm*, or the Apprehension of any Danger from the Enemy: Ay, said the first, there's some Sense in that; but my Master makes us go to Prayers when there is no more Occasion for it, than for my leaping over-board.

Not

Not much unlike this Story is one a Midſhipman told one Night, in Company with a Gentleman and myſelf; who ſaid, That being once in great Danger at Sea, every body was obſerved to be upon their Knees but one Man, who being called upon to come with the reſt to Prayers: *Not I*, ſaid he, *it is your Buſineſs to take Care of the Ship, I'm but a* Paſſenger.

A certain Lady at *Whitehall*, of great Quality, but very little Modeſty, having ſent for a Linnen-Draper to bring her ſome *Hollands*; as ſoon as the young Fellow entered the Room, *Oh! Sir*, ſaid ſhe, *I find you're a Man fit for your Buſineſs, for you no ſooner look a Lady in the Face, but you've the* Yard *in one Hand, and are lifting up the Linnen with the other.*

Manners, who was himſelf but lately made Earl of *Rutland*, told Sir *Thomas More*, He was too much elated by his Preferment; that he verified the old Proverb,

Honores mutant Mores.

No, my Lord, ſaid Sir *Thomas*, the Pun will do much better in *Engliſh*,

Honours change MANNERS.

A Nobleman having choſen a very illiterate Perſon for his Library-Keeper, one ſaid, *It was like a Seraglio kept by an Eunuck.*

When Sir *Cloudeſly Shovel* ſet out on his laſt Expedition, there was a Form of Prayer compoſed by the Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, for the Succeſs of the Fleet, in which his Grace made uſe of this unlucky Expreſſion, *That he begged God would be a Rock of Defence*

fence to the Fleet; which occaſioned the following Lines to be made upon the Monument ſet up for him in *Weſtminſter-Abbey*, he being caſt away in that Expedition, on the Rocks called, *The Biſhop and his Clerks*.

As Lambeth pray'd, *ſuch was the dire Event,*
Elſe had we wanted now this Monument;
That God unto our Fleet would be a Rock,
Nor did kind Heav'n the wiſe Petition mock;
To what the Metropolitan *ſaid then,*
The Biſhop and his Clerks *reply'd*, Amen.

A poor dirty Shoe-boy going into a Church one *Sunday* Evening, and ſeeing the Pariſh Boys ſtanding in a Row upon a Bench to be catechiſed, he gets up himſelf, and ſtands in the very firſt Place; ſo the Parſon of courſe beginning with him, asked him, *What is your Name?* Rugged and tough, anſwered he; *Who gave you that Name?* ſays *Domine*: *Why the Boys in our Alley*, replied poor *Rugged and Tough*, *the Lord d—n 'em*.

A Mayor of *Yarmouth*, in ancient Times, being by his Office a Juſtice of the Peace, and one who was willing to diſpenſe the Laws wiſely; though he could hardly read, got him the Statute-Book, where finding a Law againſt *firing a Beacon*, or cauſing any *Beacon* to be fired, after Nine of the Clock at Night; the poor Man read it, *frying Bacon*, *or cauſing any Bacon to be fry'd*; and accordingly went out the next Night upon the *Scent*, and being directed by his *Noſe* to the Carrier's Houſe, he found the Man and his Wife both *frying Bacon*, the Huſband holding the Pan while the Wife turned it: Being thus caught in the Fact, and having nothing to ſay for themſelves, his Worſhip committed them both to Jail, without Bail or Mainprize.

The late facetious Mr. *Spiller*, being at the Rehearſal on a *Saturday* Morning, the Time when the Actors are uſually paid, was asking another, Whether Mr: *Wood*, the Treaſurer of the Houſe, had any Thing to ſay to them that Morning: No, Faith, *Jemmy*, replied the other, I'm afraid there's no *Cole*, which is a cant Word for Money. *By G—d*, ſaid *Spiller*, *if there's no* Cole, *we muſt burn* Wood.

A Beggar asking Alms under the Name of a poor Scholar, a Gentleman to whom he applied himſelf, asked him a Queſtion in *Latin*. The Fellow ſhaking his Head, ſaid, he did not underſtand him: Why, ſaid the Gentleman, did not you ſay you were a poor Scholar? *Yes*, replied the other, *a poor one indeed, Sir, for I do not underſtand one Word of* Latin.

A Lady's Age happening to be queſtioned, ſhe affirmed ſhe was but *Forty*, and called upon a Gentleman who was in Company, for his Opinion: Couſin, ſaid ſhe, do you believe I am in the right, when I ſay I am but *Forty?* I am ſure, Madam, replied he, I ought not to diſpute it, for I have conſtantly heard you ſay ſo for above theſe *Ten Years*.

A certain Perſon came to a Cardinal in *Rome*, and told him, That he had bought his Eminence a dainty white *Palfry*, but he fell lame by the Way: Why then, ſaid the Cardinal to him, I'll tell thee what thou ſhalt do; go to ſuch a Cardinal, and ſuch a one, naming half a Dozen, and tell them the ſame; and ſo as thy Horſe, if it had been *ſound*, could have pleaſed but *One*, with this *lame Horſe* thou ſhalt pleaſe half a Dozen.

The Emperor *Auguſtus* being ſhewn a young *Grecian*, who very much reſembled him, asked the young Man

Man, if his *Mother* had not been at *Rome?* No, Sir, anſwered the *Grecian*, but my Father has.

A Lady coming into a Room haſtily, with her *Mantua* bruſhed down a *Cremona* Fiddle, that lay on a Chair, and broke it; upon which, a Gentleman that was preſent, burſt into this Exclamation from *Virgil:*

Mantua *væ miſeræ nimium Vicina* Cremona.

Ah! miſerable Mantua, *to near a Neighbour to* Cremona.

A modeſt Gentlewoman being compelled by her Mother to accuſe her Huſband of Inſufficiency, and being in the Court, ſhe humbly deſired of the Judge, that ſhe might write her Mind, and not be obliged to ſpeak it, for Modeſty's Sake: The Judge gave her that Liberty, and the Clerk was immediately ordered to give her Pen, Ink, and Paper; whereupon ſhe took the Pen without dipping it into the Ink, and made as if ſhe would write. Says the Clerk to her, Madam, there's no Ink in your Pen. *Truly, Sir*, ſays ſhe, *that's juſt my Caſe, and therefore I need not explain myſelf any further.*

A Country Fellow ſubpœna'd for a Witneſs upon a Trial on an Action for Defamation; he being ſworn, the Judge bad him repeat the very ſame Words he had heard ſpoken: The Fellow was loth to ſpeak, and humm'd and haw'd for a good Space; but being urged by the Judge, he at laſt ſpoke: *My Lord*, ſaid he, *you're a Cuckold:* The Judge, ſeeing the People begin to laugh, called to him, and bade him ſpeak to the Jury, *there were twelve of them.*

A Gentleman ſaying one Day at Table, that he could not endure a Breaſt of Mutton: You ſaid ſo the other Day, cried another, of a Breaſt of Veal. Very true, anſwered the firſt, I do not love a Breaſt of any Thing but of a Woman, and that goes againſt my *Stomach*.

An *Iriſhman* being at a Tavern where the Cook was dreſſing ſome Carp, he obſerved that ſome of the Fiſh moved after they were gutted and put in the Pan; which very much ſurpriſing *Teague*; *Well now, Faith*, ſaid he, *of all the Chriſtian Creatures that ever I ſaw, this ſame Carp will live the longeſt after it is dead.*

A Gentleman happening to turn up againſt a Houſe to make Water, did not ſee two young Ladies looking out of a Window cloſe by, 'till he heard them gigling; then looking towards them, he asked, What made them ſo merry? O! Lord, ſaid one of them, *a very little Thing* will make us laugh.

A young Fellow riding down a ſteep Hill, and doubting the Foot of it was boggiſh, called out to a Clown that was ditching, and asked him if it was hard at the Bottom. Ay, anſwered the Countryman, it is hard enough at the Bottom, I'll warrant you: But in half a Dozen Steps the Horſe ſunk up to the Saddle Skirts, which made the young Gallant whip, ſpur, curſe, and ſwear. Why thou Whoreſon Raſcal, ſaid he, to the Ditcher, didſt thou not tell me it was hard at the Bottom? *Ay*, replied the other, *but you are not half Way to the Bottom yet.*

One ſpeaking of *Titus Oates*, ſaid, he was a Villain in *Grain*, and deſerved to be *well threſh'd*.

An

An *Engliſhman* and a *Welchman* diſputing in whoſe Country was the beſt Living; ſaid the *Welchman*, There is ſuch noble Houſe-keeping in *Wales*, that I have known above a Dozen Cooks employed at one Wedding Dinner: *Ay*, anſwered the *Engliſhman*, *that was becauſe every Man toaſted his own Cheeſe.*

The late Sir *Godfrey Kneller* had always a great Contempt, I will not pretend to ſay how juſtly, for *Jervais* the Painter; and being one Day about twenty Miles from *London*, one of his Servants told him at Dinner, That there was Mr. *Jervais* come that Day into the ſame Town with a Coach and Four. *Ay*, ſaid Sir *Godfrey*, *if his Horſes draw no better than himſelf, they'll never carry him to Town again.*

A Gentleman aſked *Nanny Rochford*, Why the *Whigs*, in their Mourning for Queen *Anne*, all wore Silk Stockings? *Becauſe*, ſaid ſhe, *the Tories were* Worſted.

The famous *Tom Thynne*, who was very remarkable for his good Houſe-keeping and Hoſpitality, ſtanding one Day at his Gate in the Country, a Beggar coming up to him, cry'd, he begg'd his Worſhip would give him a Mug of Small Beer. *Why, how now*, ſaid he, *what Times are theſe, when Beggars muſt be Chooſers! I ſay, bring this Fellow a Mug of Strong Beer.*

Diogenes begging, as was the Cuſtom among many Philoſophers, aſked a prodigal Man for more than any one elſe: Whereupon one ſaid to him, *I ſee your Buſineſs, that when you find a libiral Man, you will make the moſt of him. No*, ſaid *Diogenes*, *but I mean to beg of the reſt again.*

A poor Fellow who was carrying to Execution, had a Reprieve just as he came to the Gallows, and was carried back by a Sheriff's Officer, who told him, He was a happy Fellow, and asked him, if he knew nothing of the Reprieve before hand? *No*, replied the Fellow, *nor thought any more of it, than I did of my Dying Day.*

An *Irishman* admiring the stately Fabrick of St. *Paul's*, asked, *whether it was made in* England, *or brought from beyond Sea.*

A Lady who had generally a pretty many Intrigues upon her Hands, not liking her Brother's extravagant Passion for Play, asked him, When he designed to leave off *Gaming? When you cease loving*, said he, *Then*, replied the Lady, *you are like to continue a Gamester as long as you live.*

A Soldier was bragging before *Julius Cæsar* of the Wounds he had received in his Face. *Cæsar*, knowing him to be a Coward, told him, *He had best take heed the next Time he ran away, how he looked back.*

A Braggadocia, chancing, upon an Occasion, to run away full speed, was asked by one, What was become of that Courage he used so much to talk of? *It is got*, said he, *all into my Heels.*

A profligate young Nobleman, being in Company with some sober People, desired Leave to toast the Devil. The Gentleman, who sat next to him, said, *He had no Objection to any of his Lordship's Friends.*

A

A *Scotchman* was very angry with an *Engliſh* Gentleman, who he ſaid had abuſed him, and called him *falſe Scot*. *Indeed*, ſaid the *Engliſhman*, *I ſaid no ſuch Thing, but that you were a true Scot.*

Curll, the Bookſeller, being under Examination at the Bar of the Houſe of Lords, for publiſhing the Poſthumous Works of the late Duke of *Buckingham*, without Leave of the Family, told their Lordſhips in his Defence, *That if the Duke was living, he was ſure he would readily pardon the Offence.*

Mr. *E——ll——s*, the Painter, having finiſhed a very good Picture of *Fig* the Prize-Fighter, who had been famous in getting the better of ſeveral *Iriſhmen* of the ſame Profeſſion, the Piece was ſhewn to old *Johnſon* the Player, who was told at the ſame Time, that Mr. *E——ll——s* deſigned to have a Metzotinto Print taken from it, but wanted a Motto to put under it. Then, ſaid old *Johnſon*, I'll give you one: *A* Fig *for the* Iriſh.

Some Gentlemen going into a Bawdy-Houſe Tavern at *Charing Croſs*, found great Fault with the Wine, and ſending for the Maſter of the Houſe, told him it was ſad Stuff, and very *weak*. *It may be ſo*, ſaid he, *for my Trade don't depend upon the Strength of my Wine, but that of my Tables and Chairs.*

Jack M——————n, going one Day into the Apartments in St. *James's*, found a Lady of his Acquaintance ſitting in one of the Windows, who very courteouſly asked him to ſit down by her, telling him there was a Place. *No, Madam*, ſaid he, *I do not come to Court for a Place.*

If

If the gentle Reader should have a Desire to read this Story, let him not make the same Blunder that a certain *English-Irish* fooliſh Lord did, who made the Lady aſk *Jack* to ſit down by her, telling him there was *Room*.

The Deputies of *Rochelle* attending to ſpeak with *Henry* the Fourth of *France*, met with a Phyſician who had renounced the Proteſtant, and embraced the Popiſh Religion, whom they began to revile moſt grievouſly. The King hearing of it, told the Deputies, he adviſed them to change their Religion too: *For it is a dangerous Symptom*, ſaid he, *that your Religion is not long liv'd, when a Phyſician has given it over.*

A *Weſtminſter* Juſtice taking Coach in the City, and being ſet down at *Young Man's* Coffee-Houſe *Charing-Croſs*, the Driver demanded Eighteen-pence as his Fare. The Juſtice aſked him, if he would ſwear that the Ground came to the Money. The Man ſaid, He would take his Oath on't. The Juſtice replied, *Friend, I'm a Magiſtrate*; and pulling the Book out of his Pocket, adminiſtred the Oath, and then gave the Fellow his Six-pence, ſaying, *He muſt reſerve the Shilling to himſelf for the Affidavit.*

A certain Juſtice of the Peace, that was not far from *Clerkenwell*, in the firſt Year of King *George* I. when the Fellow, whom he hired to officiate as his Clerk, was reading a Mittimus to him, coming to *Anno Domini* 1714. *How now*, ſaid he, with ſome Warmth, *and why not* Georgio Domini? *ſure you forget yourſelf ſtrangely.*

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